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EVENING'S EMPIRE

by Andrew Cartmel and Richard Piers Rayner.

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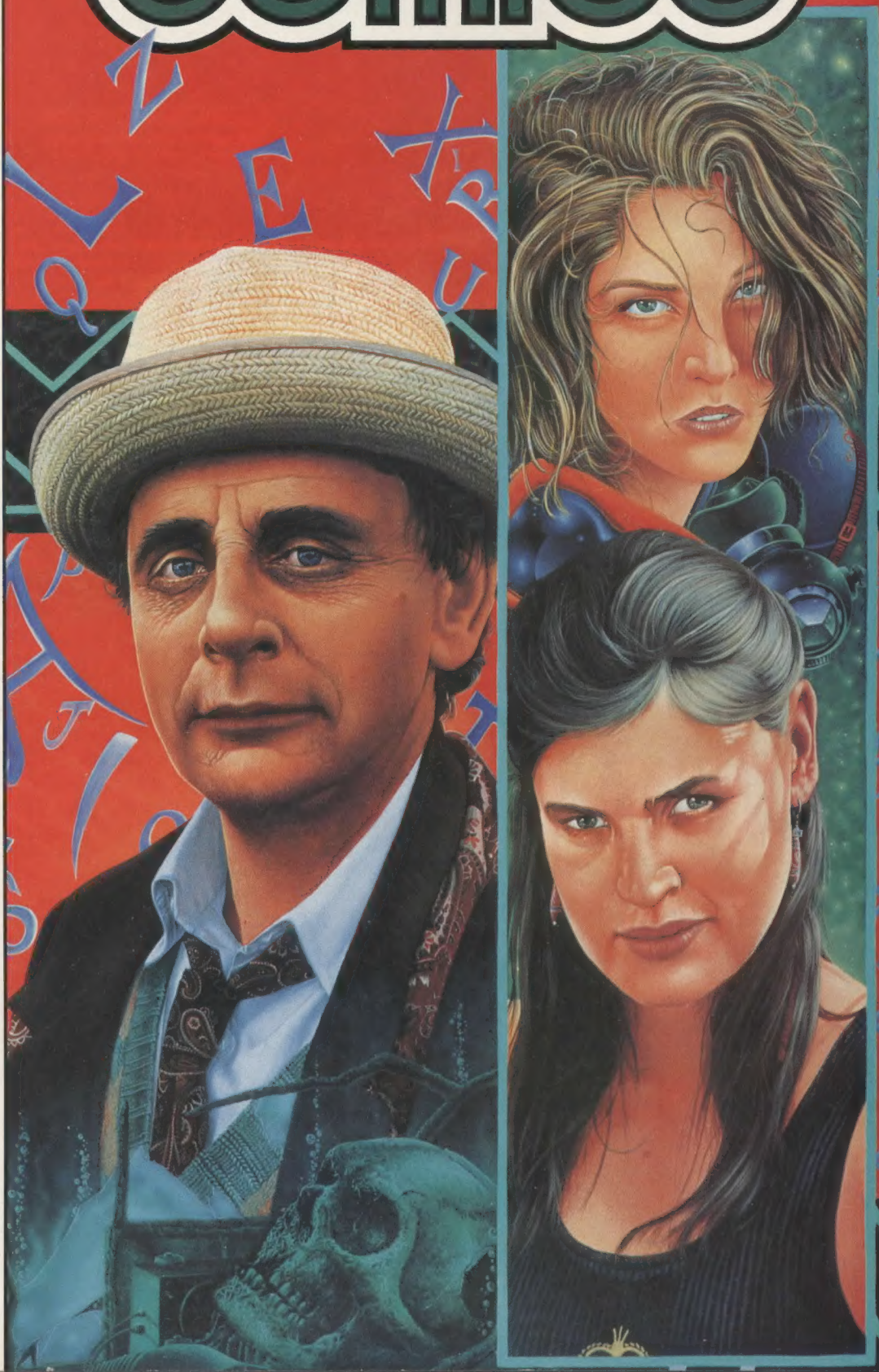

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contents

Legends of the Wanderer

We are the Q'Dhite. Our homeworld is a pale lavender jewel orbiting an amber sun, in a galaxy which spins out on the edge of infinity. Our creation dance tells us that in the beginning there was a vast mind, empty of thought. And then the mind became aware of itself and thus the universe was created.

So we left our home world, flying our spaceships into the high clear night, beyond the amber sun. To explore the infinty of thoughts in that mind. We are the Q'Dhite. We have voyaged beyond the constellations of our mothers. Our people have travelled the universe in their huge silver mindtreaders and dreamskimmers, weaving new realities and experiencing new life forms. We have encountered the terrifying and beautiful and extraordinary.

But none was more extraordinary than the one they call the Doctor. The nameless, homeless wanderer we met when we journeyed. . .

Andrew Cartmel

EVENING'S EMPIRE

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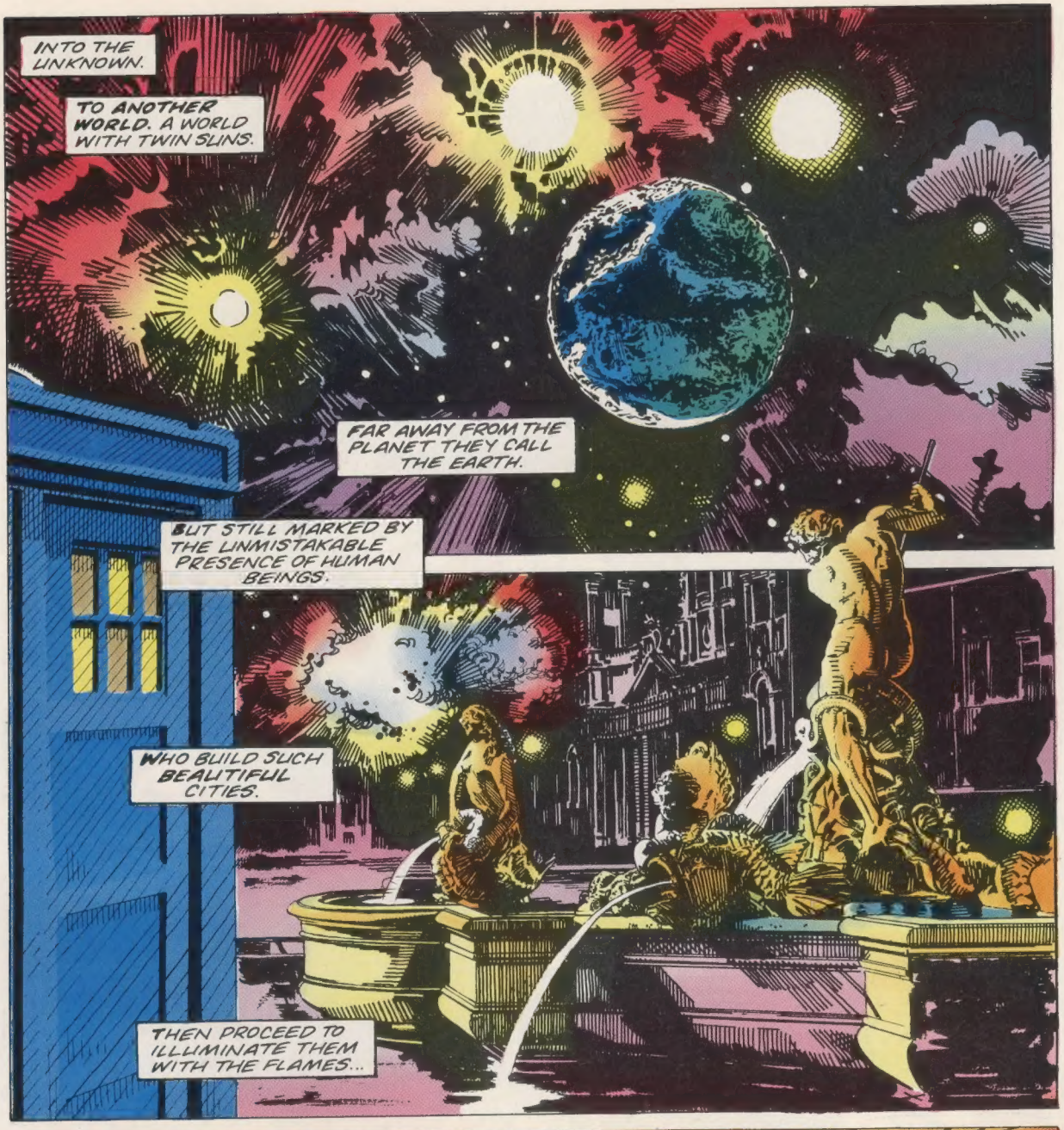
Pages 7 – 13 are a revised version of the strip originally printed in Issue 180 of Doctor Who Magazine (October 1991)


INTO THE UNKNOWN.
TO ANOTHER WORLD. A WORLD WITH TWIN SUNS.
FAR AWAY FROM THE PLANET THEY CALL THE EARTH.
BUT STILL MARKED BY THE UNMISTAKABLE PRESENCE OF HUMAN BEINGS.
WHO BUILD SUCH BEAUTIFUL CITIES.
THEN PROCEED TO ILLUMINATE THEM WITH THE FLAMES...

OF WAR.
CHOOM!
WHERE'S THE DOCTOR?

I DON'T KNOW, IVES. BUT WE'VE LOCATED ACE.
NOW WE JUST HAVE TO GET TO HER...
YES, COLONEL FROST.

HAMMOND. KEEP US COVERED.
IVES AND I WILL HANDLE THIS IN PERSON.
YES, COLONEL!

NO PROBLEM, COLONEL.

THIS PLACE IS LIKE THE WILD WEST.
FIGHTING A BUNCH OF PRIMITIVES.

"ARMED WITH NOTHING BETTER THAN BOWS AND ARROWS."

THEY DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST US.
LIKE I SAID. NO...
PROBLEM.
THUNK
IVES! COVERING FIRE, PLEASE!
WHERE'S THE MEDIC? MEDIC!.
ACK... IT GOT THROUGH MY BODY ARMOUR.
LIFE'S JUST NOT FAIR SOMETIMES, HAMMOND.
THEY'RE RETREATING, COLONEL!
GOOD. NOW HOLD STILL, HAMMOND.
"REINFORCEMENTS WILL BE HERE SOON."
STILL NO SIGN OF THE DOCTOR, SLAYTON?
NO -- AND I'M GLAD, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH.
THAT LITTLE BLOKE GIVES ME THE CREEPS.

LOOK SHARP, LADS. THE PRIMITIVES ARE AT IT AGAIN.
THEY JUST DON'T LEARN, DO THEY?

"THEY DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST US.
"NOT UNLESS THEY'VE GOT SOME KIND OF..."

SECRET WEAPON.
WHAT THE HELL'S THAT?
IT COMES FLAPPING DOWN, HUGE AND SHADOWY.

TEARING INTO THE UNIT TROOPS. SWEEPING THROUGH THEM, UNSTOPPABLE...
--AND AT LAST THE BATTLE BEGINS TO GO YOUR WAY.
FROM HIGH ABOVE YOU WATCH, BLINKING AWAY TEARS.
YOU REMEMBER HOW IT ALL BEGAN.
ONLY FORTY-EIGHT HOURS AGO.
ON A THURSDAY.
YOU REMEMBER...

YOU BLINK IN THE HIGH NOON HEAT OF THE TWIN SUNS. ON A HOT DAY LIKE THIS YOU CAN SMELL **THE ARENA**. AND THE SLAVE QUARTERS. AND SOMETHING ELSE.

ABOVE THE IMPERIAL CITY YOU HEAR A JETWING FULL OF IMPERIAL TROOPS, BLASTING TOWARDS THE WHITE SHOULDERS OF THE SNOW MOUNTAINS. THERE IS ANOTHER INSURRECTION TO QUELL.

IT'S ANOTHER WORLD. A **WONDERFUL** WORLD.

BUT SOMETHING KEEPS BRINGING YOU BACK.

BACK TO WHAT THEY CALL REALITY.

EXCUSE ME -- IS THIS THE SURVEYOR'S OFFICE?

UH, SORRY?

MILES AWAY, EH?

I NEED TO LOOK AT PROPERTY RECORDS FOR THIS AREA FROM WORLD WAR 2.

WORLD WAR 2?

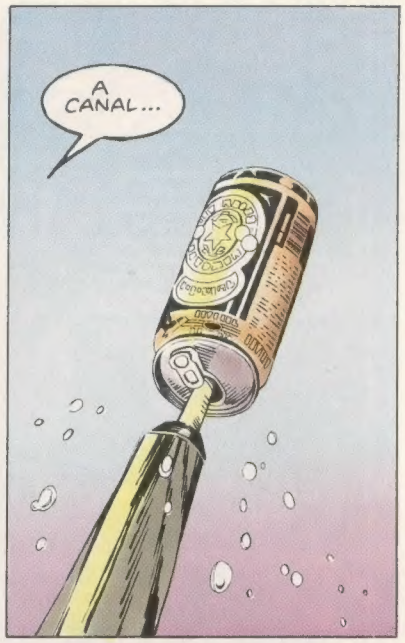
YEAH, I KNOW.

DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING BETTER TO DO THIS AFTERNOON, DID YOU?

PRIVATE PARKING
BURROUGHS
CHARTERED
SURVEYOR

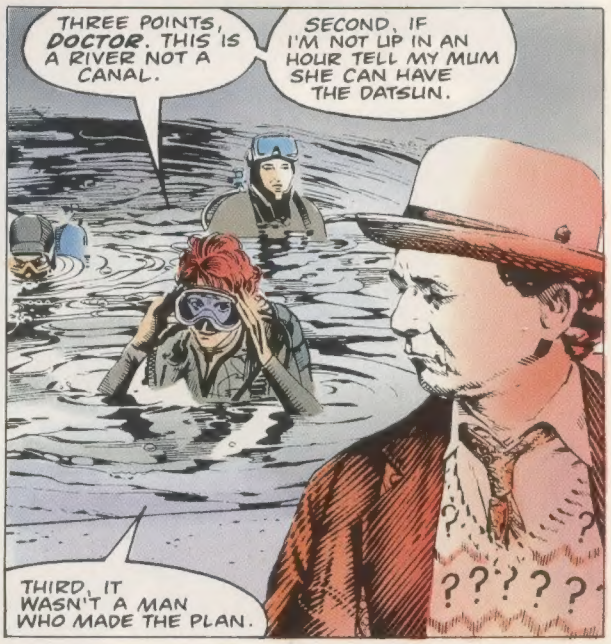
"A MAN."

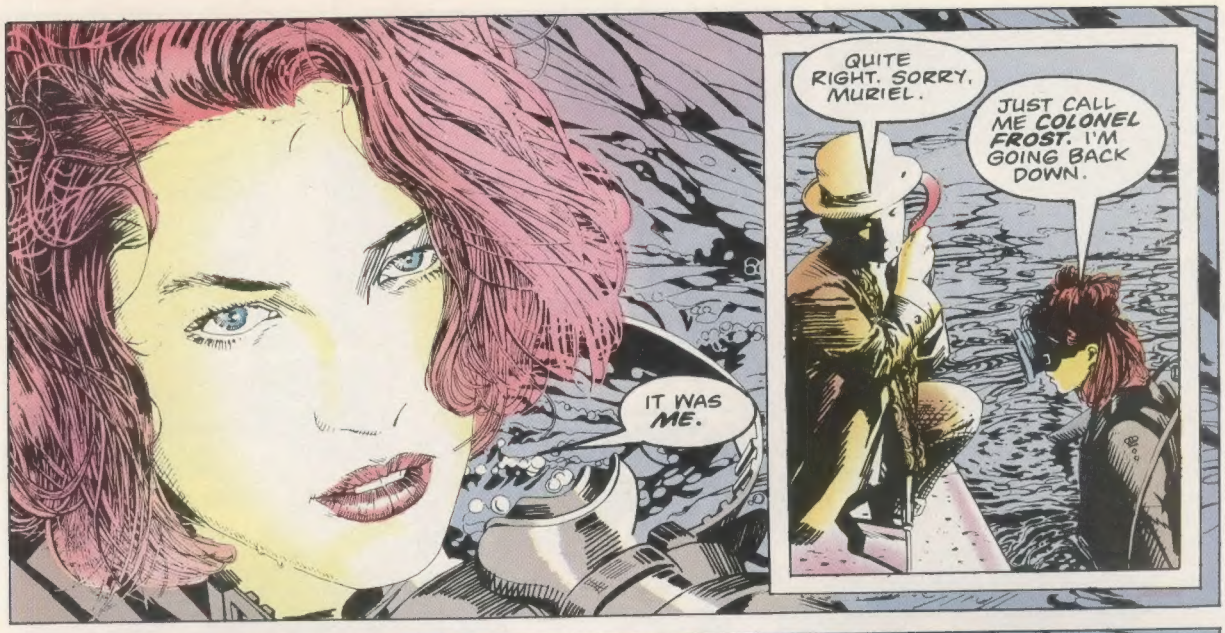
"A PLAN."

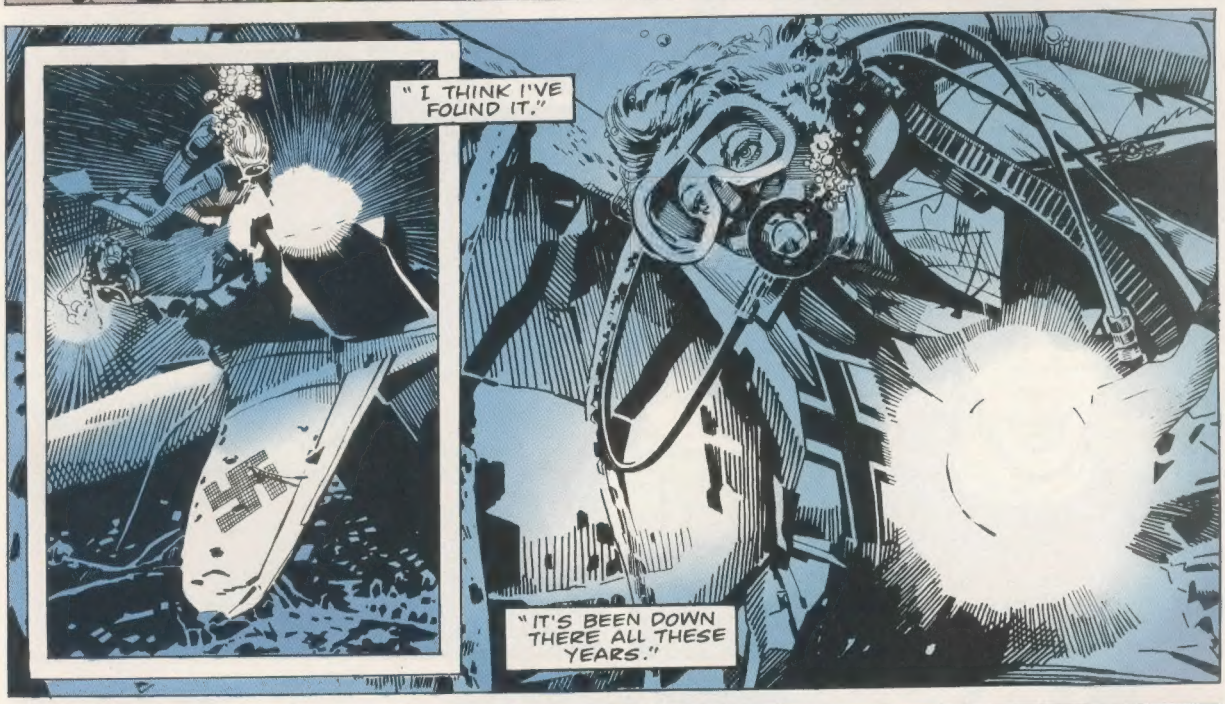

A CANAL...

...PANAMA.
EXCEPT THIS PLACE IS CALLED MIDDLESBROUGH.

"A MAN. A PLAN. A CANAL. MIDDLESBROUGH." HMM.
NOT MUCH OF A PALINDROME. AND I DON'T LIKE THE PLAN, EITHER...
WHAT ARE YOU GOING ON ABOUT?


THREE POINTS, DOCTOR. THIS IS A RIVER NOT A CANAL.
SECOND, IF I'M NOT UP IN AN HOUR TELL MY MUM SHE CAN HAVE THE DATSUN.
THIRD, IT WASN'T A MAN WHO MADE THE PLAN.
? ? ? ? ? ?


IT WAS ME.
QUITE RIGHT. SORRY, MURIEL.
JUST CALL ME COLONEL FROST. I'M GOING BACK DOWN.

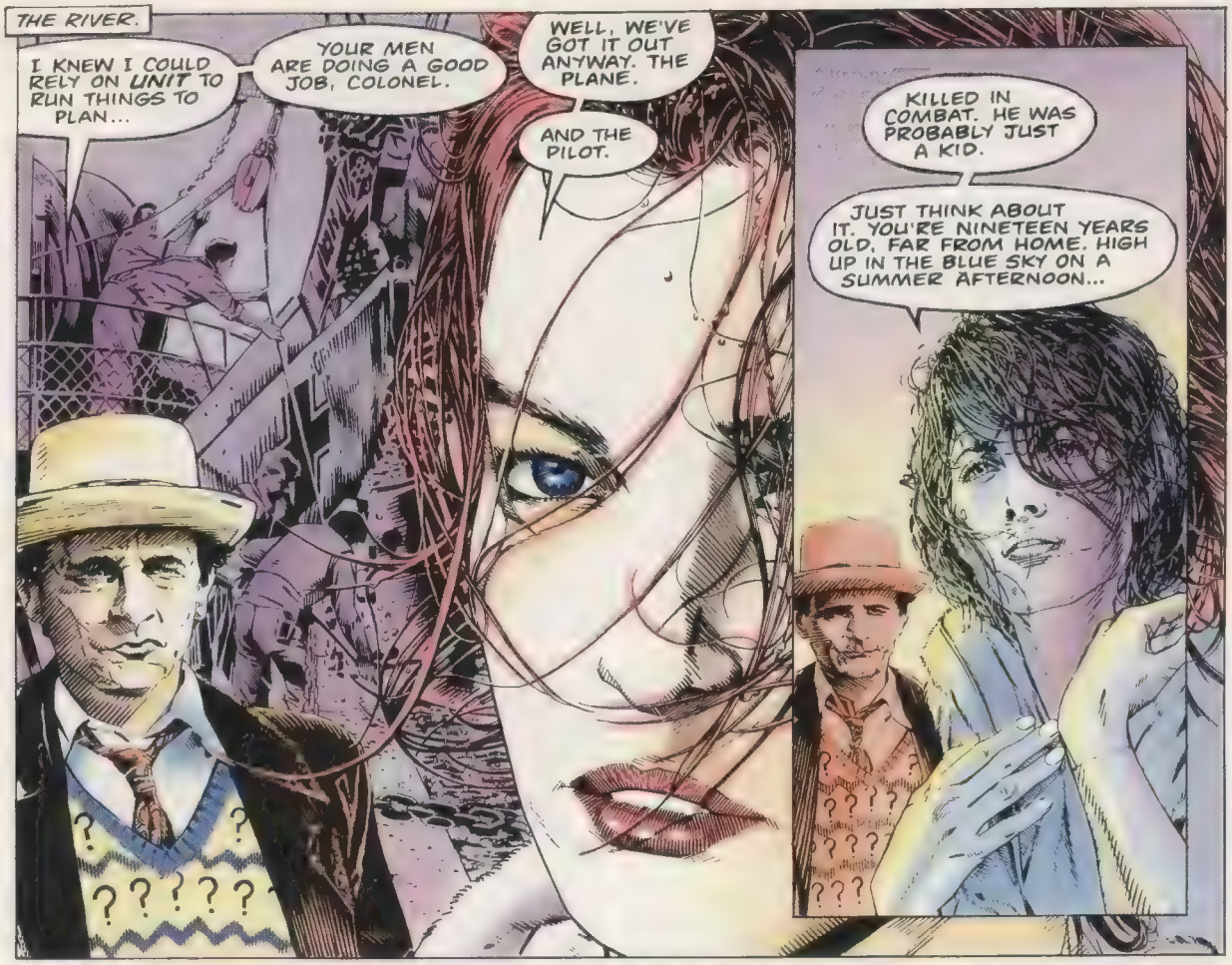

"I THINK I'VE FOUND IT."
"IT'S BEEN DOWN THERE ALL THESE YEARS."

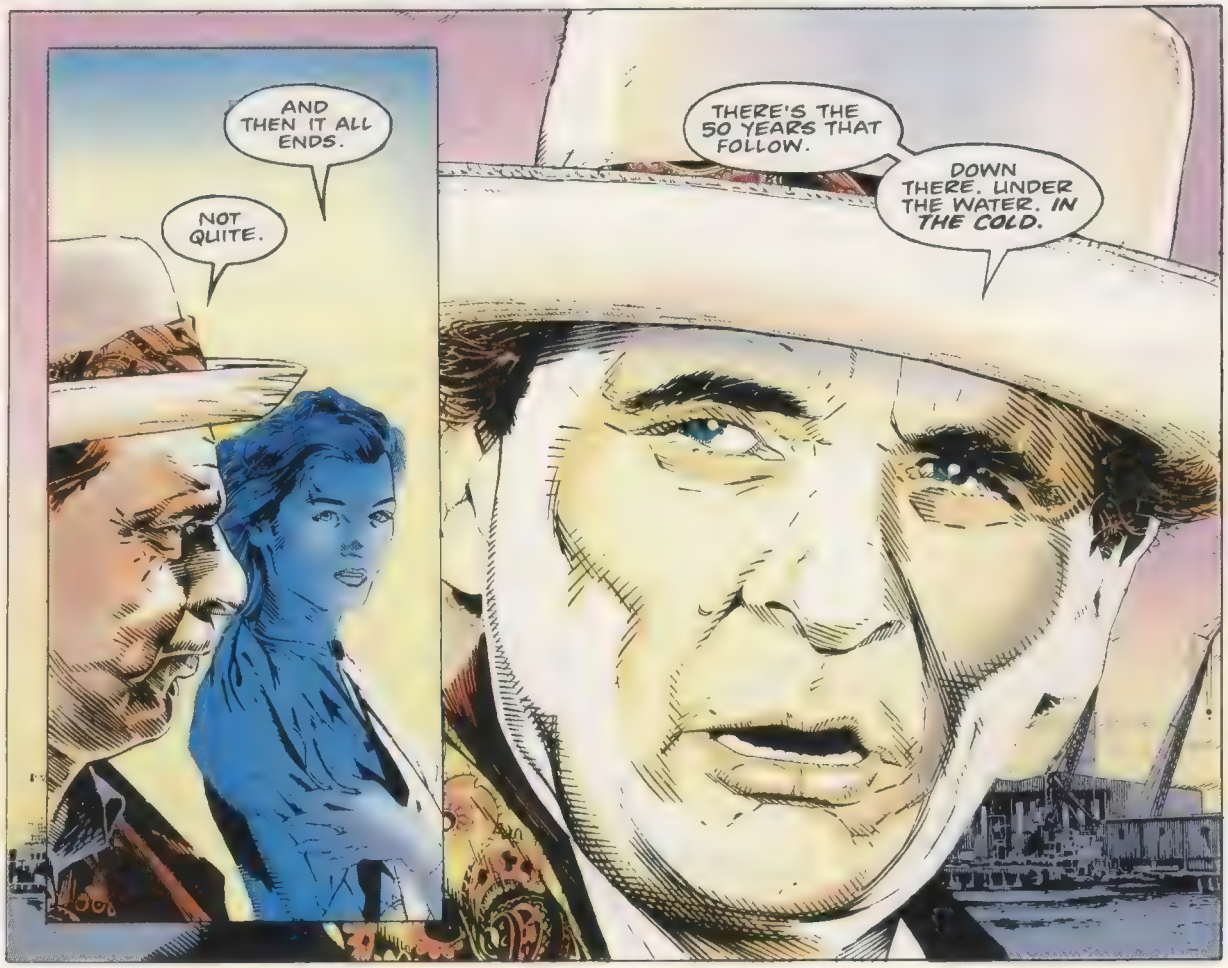
"DOWN IN THE RIVER SLIME."

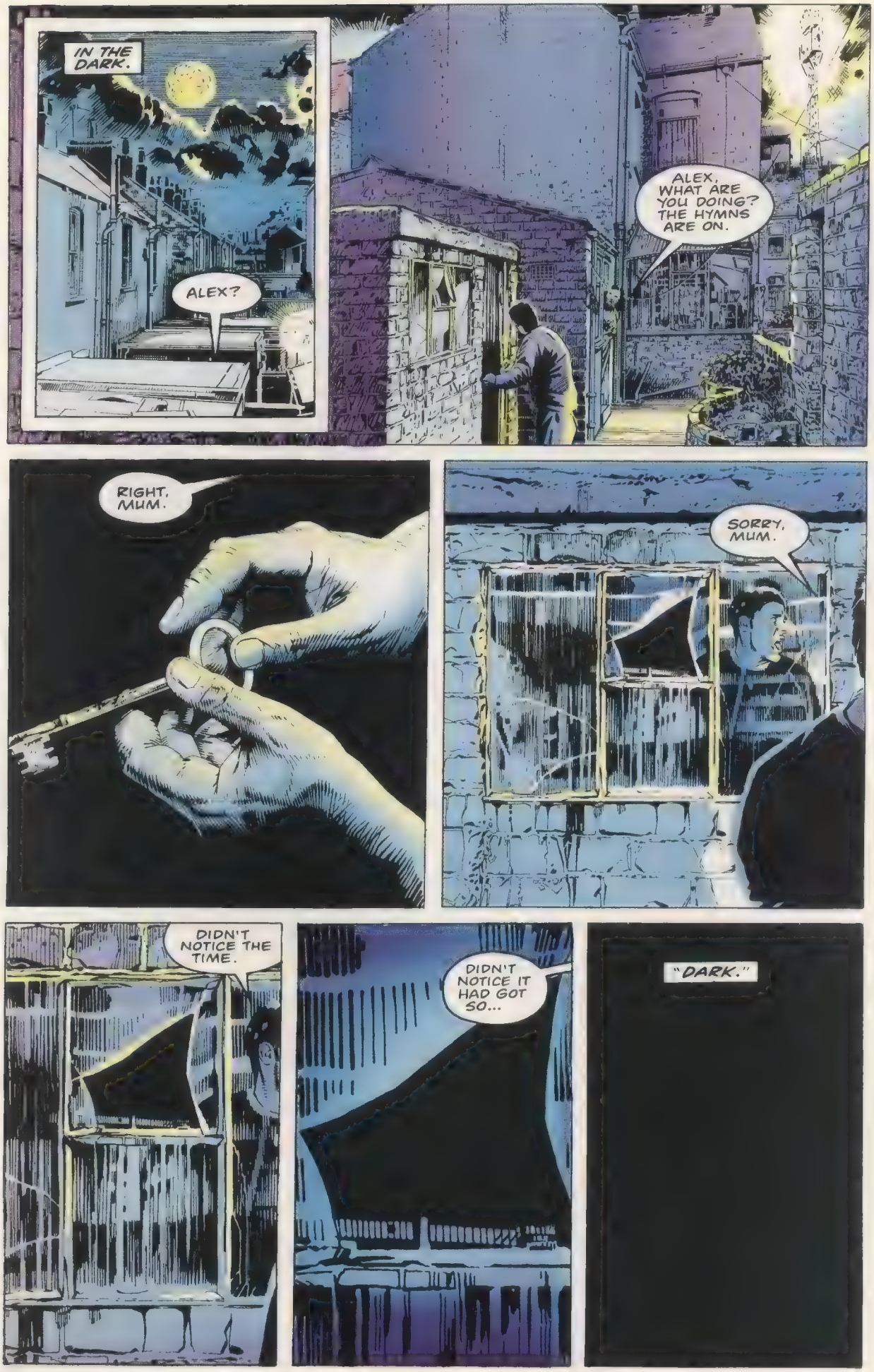
"WAITING."

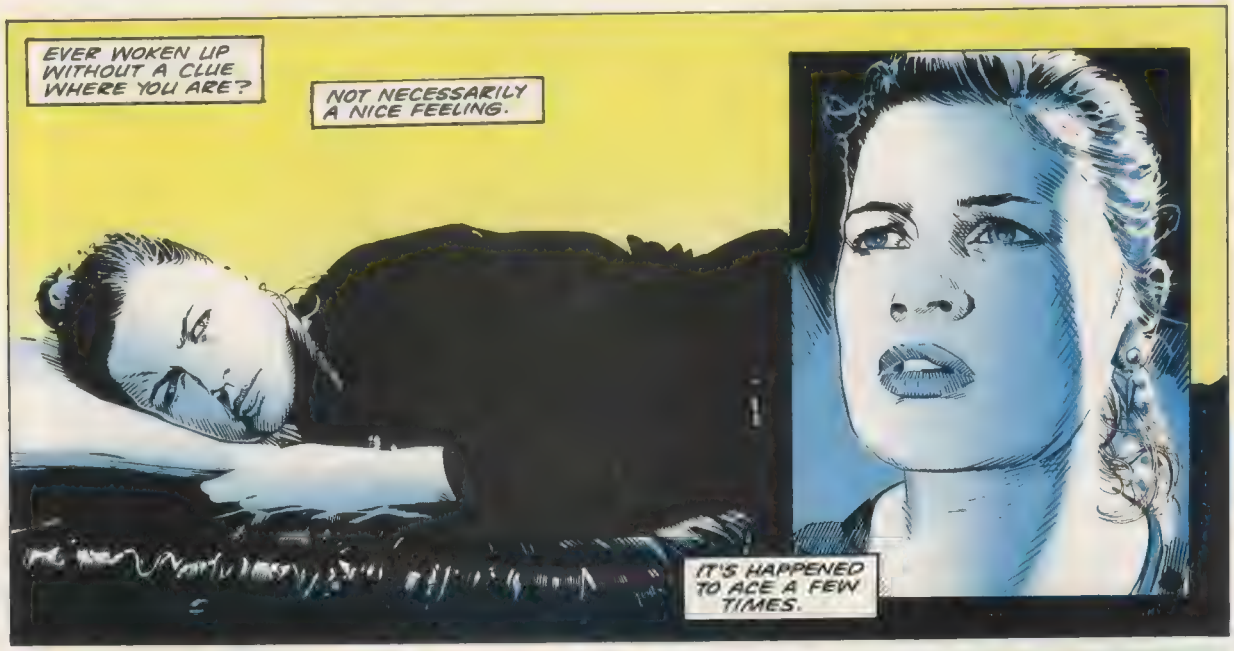
"WAITING FOR ME."

"WELL NOW WE'VE FOUND IT."
I HOPE IT'S WHAT YOU WANT.
BUT THERE WAS A LOT OF BOMB DAMAGE DURING THE WAR.
CHEERS, ALEX. BUT THIS WASN'T BOMBS. MORE LIKE A CRASH.
YOU KNOW, LIKE AN AIRCRAFT CRASH.
AIRCRAFT?
WELL, I'VE GOT ALL THE INFORMATION HERE. I'LL JUST KEEP LOOKING.
I DON'T MIND, YOU KNOW. YOU'RE REALLY PRETTY, ACE.
SORRY... I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND ME SAYING THAT.
AND I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND THE COFFEE BEING SO STRONG.
BUT IT HAS TO BE.
OTHERWISE YOU COULD TASTE THE CHLORMEZANONE.

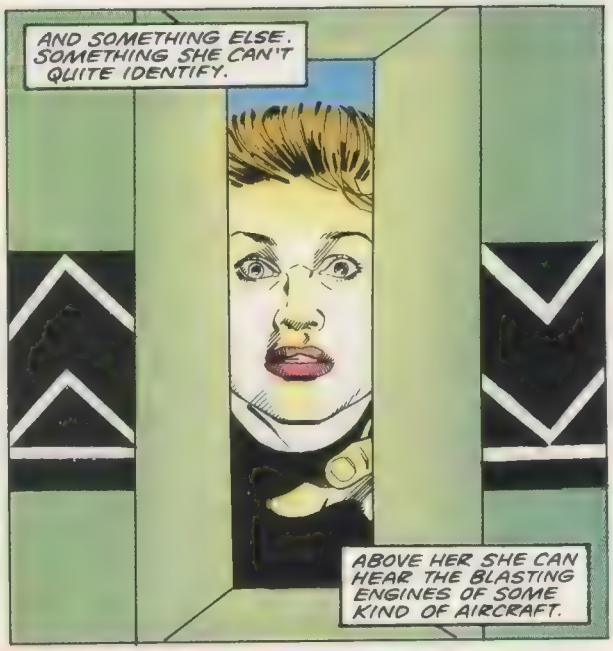

THE RIVER.
I KNEW I COULD RELY ON UNIT TO RUN THINGS TO PLAN...
YOUR MEN ARE DOING A GOOD JOB, COLONEL.
WELL, WE'VE GOT IT OUT ANYWAY. THE PLANE.
AND THE PILOT.
KILLED IN COMBAT. HE WAS PROBABLY JUST A KID.
JUST THINK ABOUT IT. YOU'RE NINETEEN YEARS OLD, FAR FROM HOME. HIGH UP IN THE BLUE SKY ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON...

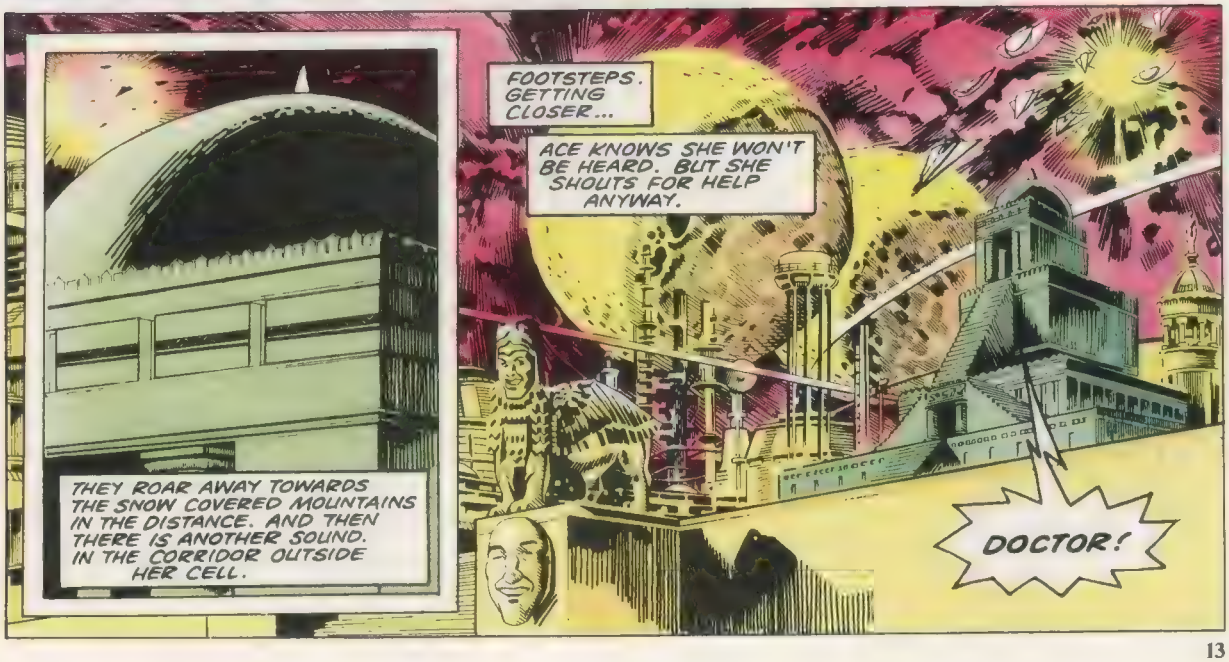

AND THEN IT ALL ENDS.
NOT QUITE.
THERE'S THE 50 YEARS THAT FOLLOW.
DOWN THERE. UNDER THE WATER. IN THE COLD.

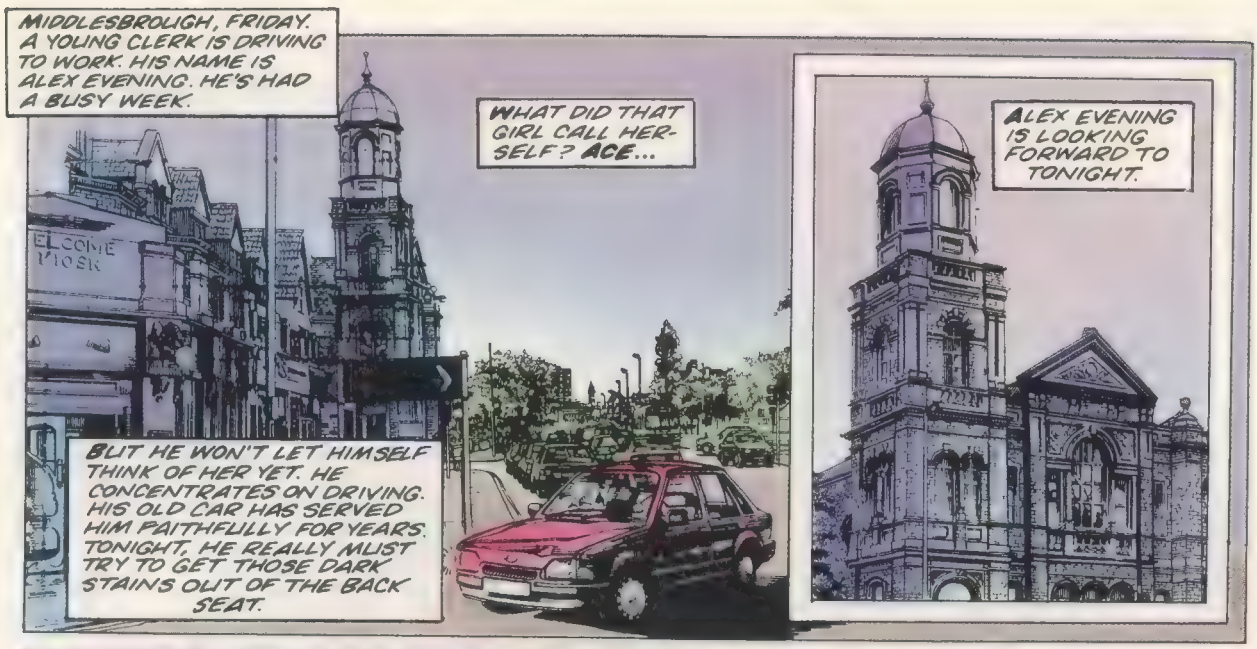

IN THE DARK.
ALEX?
ALEX, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THE HYMNS ARE ON.
RIGHT, MUM.
SORRY, MUM.
DIDN'T NOTICE THE TIME.
DIDN'T NOTICE IT HAD GOT SO...
"DARK."

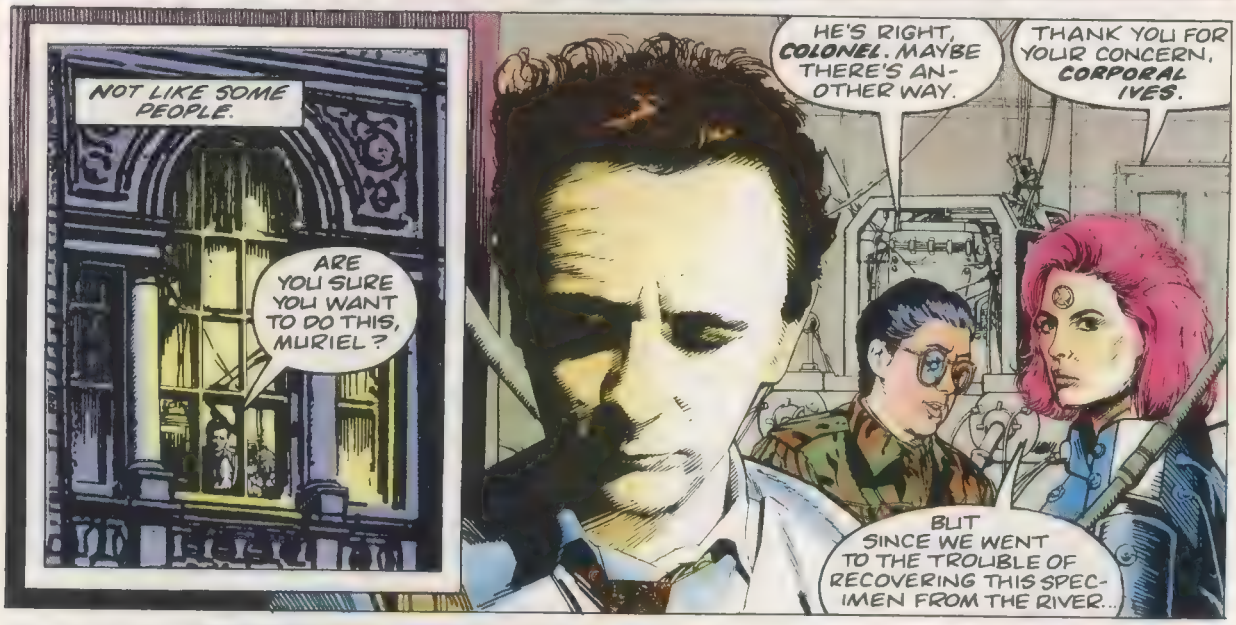

EVER WOKEN UP WITHOUT A CLUE WHERE YOU ARE?
NOT NECESSARILY A NICE FEELING.
IT'S HAPPENED TO ACE A FEW TIMES.

BUT NEVER QUITE LIKE THIS.
ACE BLINKS IN THE HIGH NOON HEAT OF THE TWIN SUNS. IT'S A HOT DAY. SHE CAN SMELL THE OCEAN.


AND SOMETHING ELSE. SOMETHING SHE CAN'T QUITE IDENTIFY.
ABOVE HER SHE CAN HEAR THE BLASTING ENGINES OF SOME KIND OF AIRCRAFT.


THEY ROAR AWAY TOWARDS THE SNOW COVERED MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE. AND THEN THERE IS ANOTHER SOUND. IN THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HER CELL.
FOOTSTEPS. GETTING CLOSER...
ACE KNOWS SHE WON'T BE HEARD. BUT SHE SHOUTS FOR HELP ANYWAY.
DOCTOR!


MIDDLESBROUGH, FRIDAY. A YOUNG CLERK IS DRIVING TO WORK. HIS NAME IS ALEX EVENING. HE'S HAD A BUSY WEEK.
WHAT DID THAT GIRL CALL HERSELF? ACE...
ALEX EVENING IS LOOKING FORWARD TO TONIGHT.
BUT HE WON'T LET HIMSELF THINK OF HER YET. HE CONCENTRATES ON DRIVING. HIS OLD CAR HAS SERVED HIM FAITHFULLY FOR YEARS. TONIGHT, HE REALLY MUST TRY TO GET THOSE DARK STAINS OUT OF THE BACK SEAT.


NOT LIKE SOME PEOPLE.
ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO DO THIS, MURIEL?
HE'S RIGHT, COLONEL. MAYBE THERE'S ANOTHER WAY.
THANK YOU FOR YOUR CONCERN, CORPORAL IVES.
BUT SINCE WE WENT TO THE TROUBLE OF RECOVERING THIS SPECIMEN FROM THE RIVER...

I SUGGEST WE PROCEED AS PLANNED.
DON'T WORRY, DOCTOR. I'VE CONDUCTED INTERROGATIONS BEFORE.

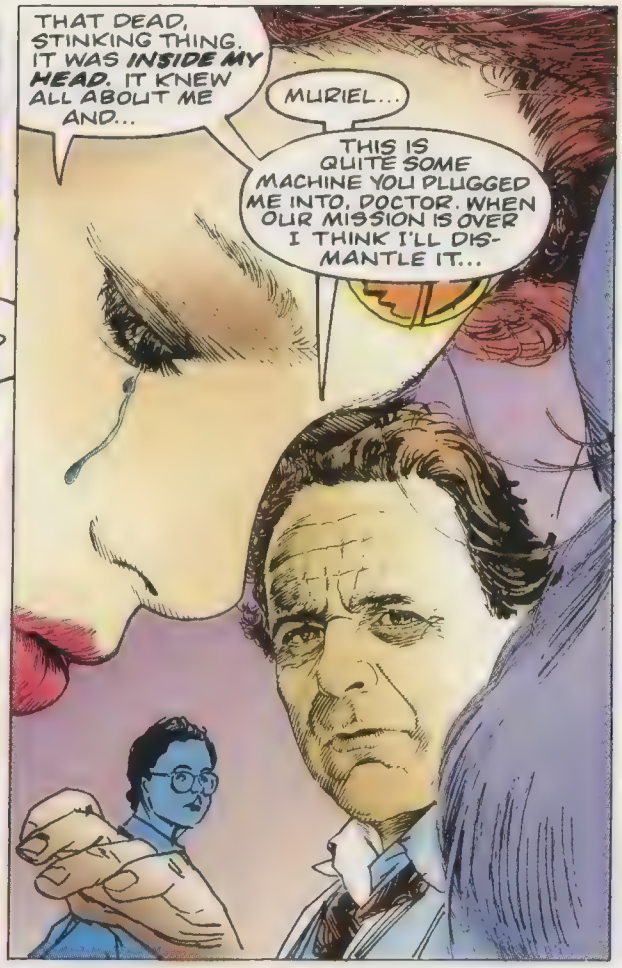
NOT LIKE THIS.

"LET'S GET STARTED."
COLONEL FROST FEELS A BURNING SENSATION BET HER EYES. THEN IT'S LIKE THE ANASTHETIC BEFORE AN OPERATION. SHE TRIES COUNTING BACKWARDS FROM 100.
SHE GETS TO 97.
DOCTOR, ARE YOU SURE THIS IS SAFE?
NO
WHAT IS THIS MACHINE?
OH, BITS AND PIECES... FOR INSTANCE, THAT DEVICE ON HER FOREHEAD. I OBTAINED IT FROM THE CYBERMEN...
--JUST BEFORE I DESTROYED THEIR WARSHIP, IN ORBIT AROUND THE MOON.
UH, I SEE.
JUST THINK OF IT AS ALLOWING A FORM OF COMMUNICATION.
"A MEETING OF MINDS."
FOR COLONEL FROST IT'S LIKE DREAMING, BUT CLEARER. IT COMES IN FLASHES. FIRST SHE CAN SMELL FISH AND RIVER MUD AT LOW TIDE... THEN SHE CAN SEE THE RUST COLOURED UNDERWATER LIGHT.
AND THEN SOMETHING ELSE, COMING TOWARDS HER...
SOMETHING THAT'S BEEN DEAD A LONG TIME.

BUT COLONEL FROST IS A WARRIOR.
SHE KEEPS MOVING TOWARDS IT. TOWARDS THE ROTTING THING. "CAN YOU HEAR ME?" SHE SAYS.
AND HER VOICE HARDLY TREMBLES.
AND THEN THE ROTTING THING ANSWERS.
IN A VOICE LIKE NAILS TORN FROM A CRATE.
QUESTIONS.
YOU COME WITH QUESTIONS. THAT'S WHY YOU DREDGED ME FROM MY SLEEP.
YOU ARE DOING THIS WITH YOUR MACHINES.
YES.
I AM GLAD I DID NOT LIVE TO SEE SUCH MACHINES.
IT'S WORKING... THEY'RE ESTABLISHING CONTACT.
YOU WISH TO KNOW SOMETHING? COME CLOSE. I KNOW I AM SLICK WITH CORRUPTION. I KNOW I STINK. I AM VILE.
BUT YOU MUST TOUCH ME. TOUCH MY DECAYING FLESH.
"AND NOW YOU WILL SEE. FLASHES OF MEMORY FROM A ROTTING BRAIN.
"I AM FLYING. FIGHTING. THE WAR IN THE CLEAN SUMMER AIR.
"WHEN IT HAPPENS..."

"SOME KIND OF AIRCRAFT.
"FLYING STRAIGHT AT ME. A STRANGE AIRCRAFT. LIKE NOTHING ON EARTH.
"WE CRASH TOGETHER.
"AND, OF COURSE, I DIE.
"BUT YOU DO NOT WISH TO KNOW THIS, DO YOU?
"THE STINK OF RUBBER AS THE COCKPIT BURNS.
"THE COLD SMASH OF WATER. THEN THE YEARS IN THE DARKNESS WITH THE DANCE OF THE FISH.
"YOUR HAIR... IT FLOATS... FULL OF LIGHT...
"PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO STAY WITH ME.
"BUT I KNOW YOU LOVE ANOTHER. AND I KNOW YOU ARE TERRIBLY TROUBLED.
"LOVE IS PAINFUL, CERTAINLY.
"BUT COMPARED TO BEING DEAD, IT'S A PIECE OF CAKE.

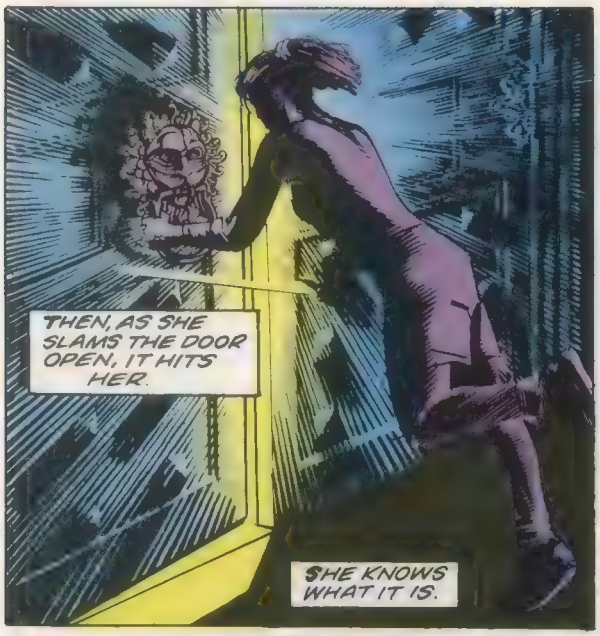
AUF WIEDERSEHEN.
COLONEL FROST, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
THAT THING COULD READ MY MIND.

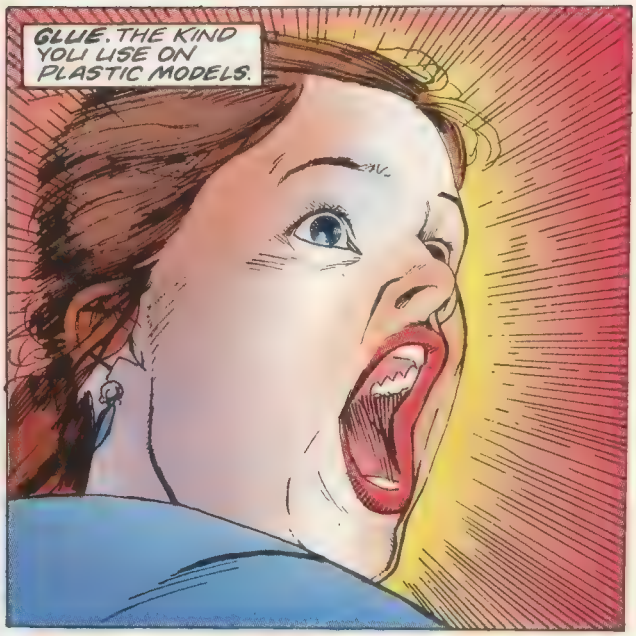

THAT DEAD, STINKING THING. IT WAS INSIDE MY HEAD. IT KNEW ALL ABOUT ME AND...
MURIEL...
THIS IS QUITE SOME MACHINE YOU PLUGGED ME INTO, DOCTOR. WHEN OUR MISSION IS OVER I THINK I'LL DIS-MANTLE IT...

--WITH A SLEDGE-HAMMER.
YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING. THERE WAS A U.F.O.
IT CRASHED SOMEWHERE IN THIS CITY, 50 YEARS AGO. ALL THAT ALIEN TECHNOLOGY. AND IT'S GONE MISSING.

AND SO HAS ACE.

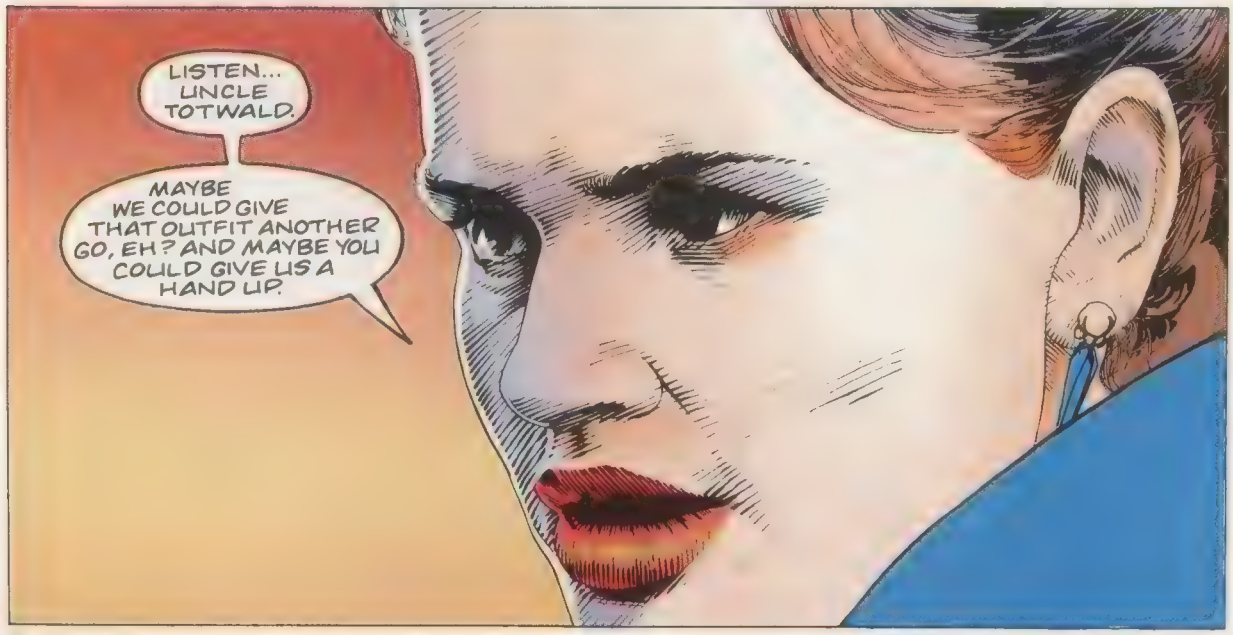
"SHE COULD BE ANYWHERE."
IN A HIGH TOWER. IN A STRANGE CITY. TWIN SUNS BLAZE THROUGH A NARROW WINDOW. AND SPARKLE ON GOLD. SOLID GOLD. HEAVY AND COOL TO THE TOUCH.
THE DOCTOR HADN'T COME WHEN ACE CALLED. INSTEAD, HER SHOUTS BROUGHT THESE MEN.
THE GUARD AND THE ONE CALLED TOTWALD.
YOU MUST BE JOKING, MATE.
OLD TOTWALD WOULD NOT JOKE, GIRL. TRUST ME. GIRL MUST LOOK BEAUTIFUL FOR EMPEROR.
YOU ARE SLAVE OF HONOUR. SLAVE IS ALWAYS VERY BEAUTIFUL.
IF YOU'RE SO KEEN...
WHUMP!
YOU WEAR IT.
ACE BURSTS FROM THE CELL AND INTO THE COOL SHADOWY CORRIDOR. SHE STARES AT THIS STRANGE PLACE AS SHE RUNS.
THE SMELL IS STRONGER HERE. A SMELL SHE CAN'T QUITE IDENTIFY.

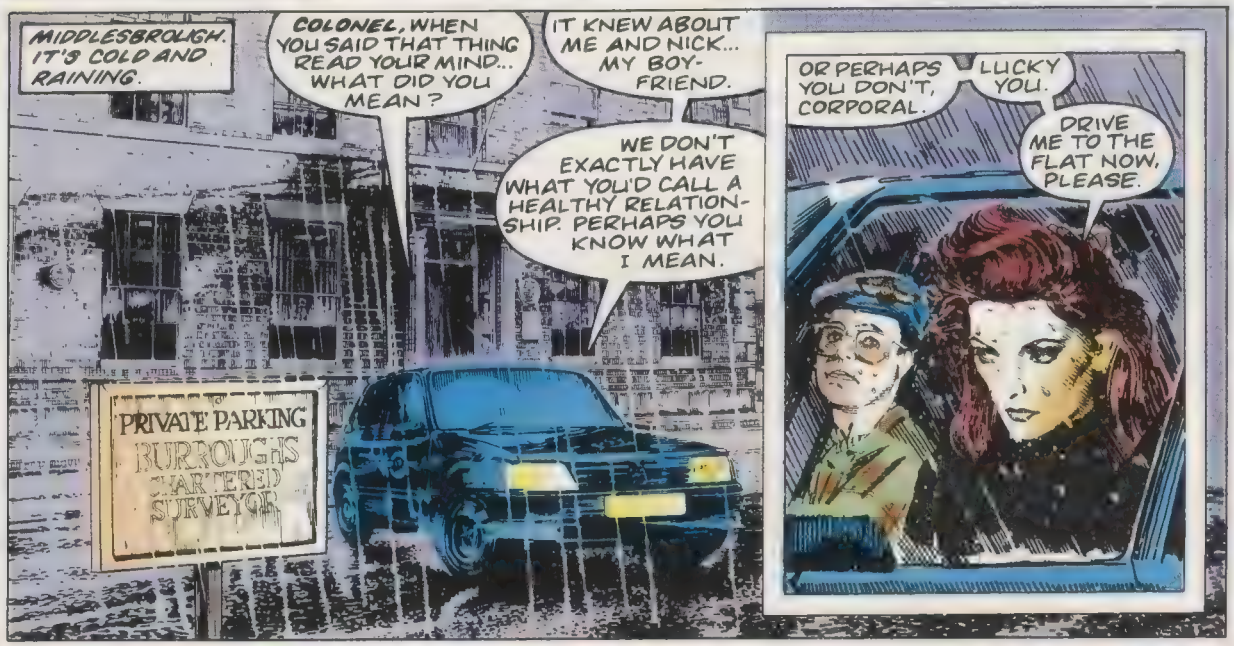

THEN, AS SHE SLAMS THE DOOR OPEN, IT HITS HER.
SHE KNOWS WHAT IT IS.

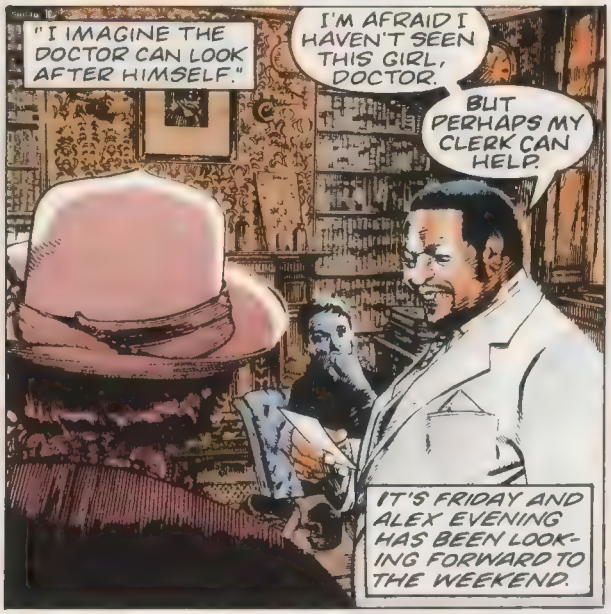

GLUE. THE KIND YOU USE ON PLASTIC MODELS.

MODEL AIRPLANES.

SLAVES SHOULD BE RESPECTFUL TO UNCLE TOTWALD. ONLY UNCLE TOTWALD KNOWS WHICH DOORS ARE SAFE TO OPEN.
AND WHICH SHOULD BE KEPT CLOSED...


LISTEN... UNCLE TOTWALD.
MAYBE WE COULD GIVE THAT OUTFIT ANOTHER GO, EH? AND MAYBE YOU COULD GIVE US A HAND UP.

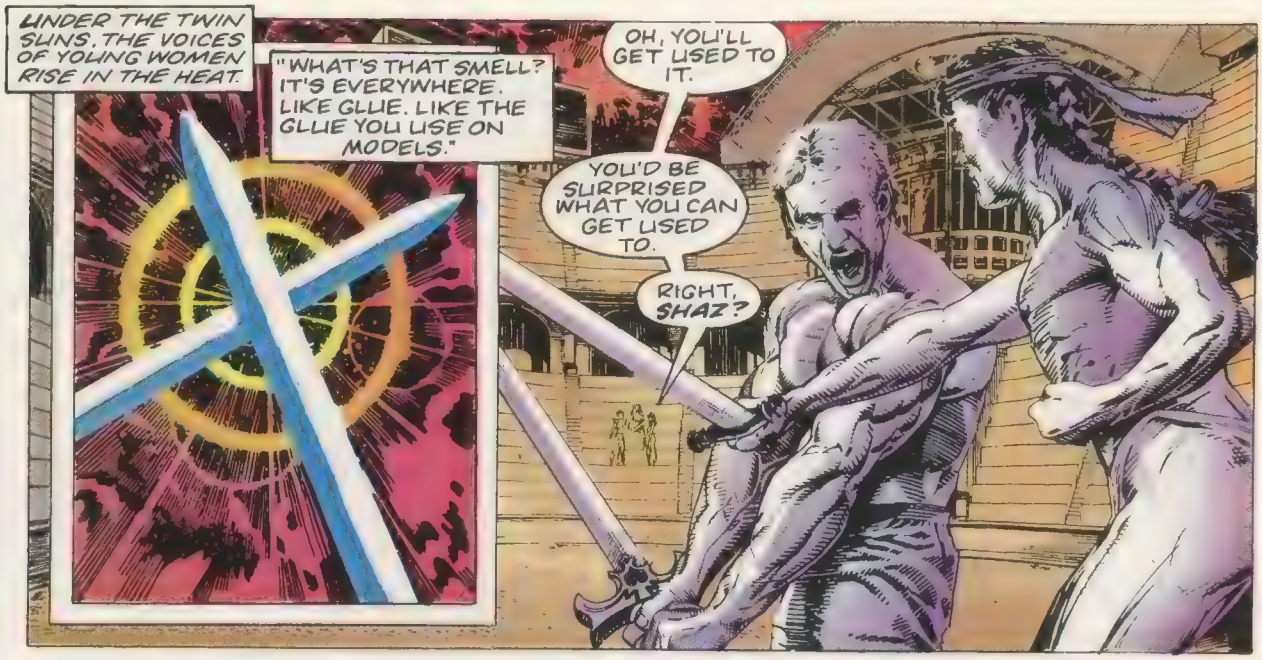

MIDDLESBROUGH. IT'S COLD AND RAINING.
COLONEL, WHEN YOU SAID THAT THING READ YOUR MIND... WHAT DID YOU MEAN?
IT KNEW ABOUT ME AND NICK... MY BOY-FRIEND.
WE DON'T EXACTLY HAVE WHAT YOU'D CALL A HEALTHY RELATION-SHIP. PERHAPS YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
PRIVATE PARKING
BURROUGHS
CHARTERED SURVEYOR
OR PERHAPS YOU DON'T, CORPORAL.
LUCKY YOU.
DRIVE ME TO THE FLAT NOW, PLEASE.

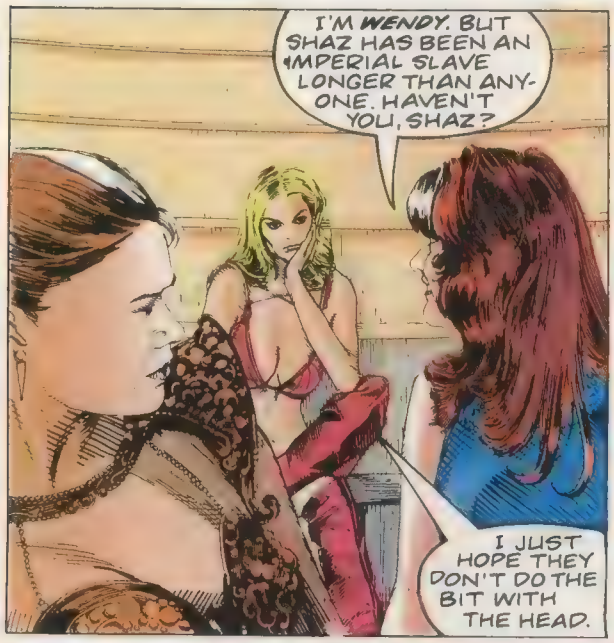

"I IMAGINE THE DOCTOR CAN LOOK AFTER HIMSELF."
I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T SEEN THIS GIRL, DOCTOR.
BUT PERHAPS MY CLERK CAN HELP.
IT'S FRIDAY AND ALEX EVENING HAS BEEN LOOK-ING FORWARD TO THE WEEKEND.

BUT NOW THIS LITTLE MAN IS ASKING QUESTIONS ABOUT THE GIRL. THE MOST RECENT GIRL.
THIS YOUNG WOMAN HAS JOINED THE RANKS OF THE MISSING, ALEX. CAN YOU HELP?

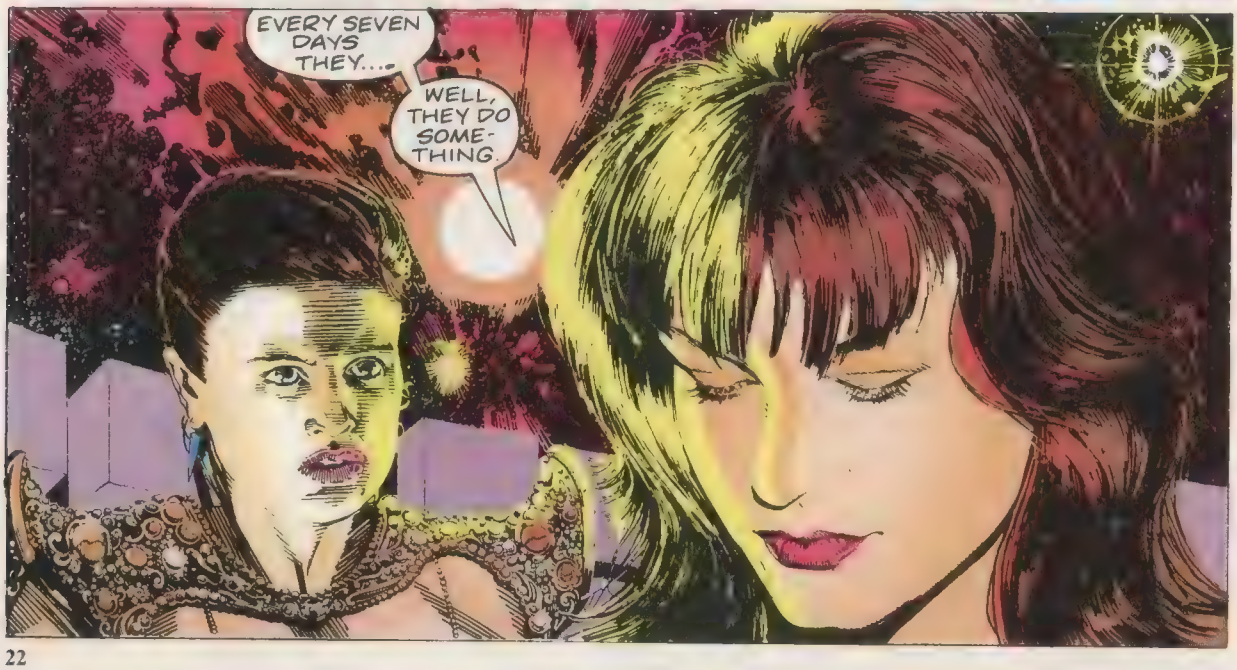
HE DOESN'T LIKE THE WAY THE LITTLE MAN IS STARING AT HIM.
NOPE. SORRY. NEVER SEEN HER. VERY PRETTY GIRL.
I CERTAINLY HOPE YOU FIND HER, SIR.

WHERE-EVER SHE IS.
SLAVE STAR
SCOTT COCHRANE
UFO psychology

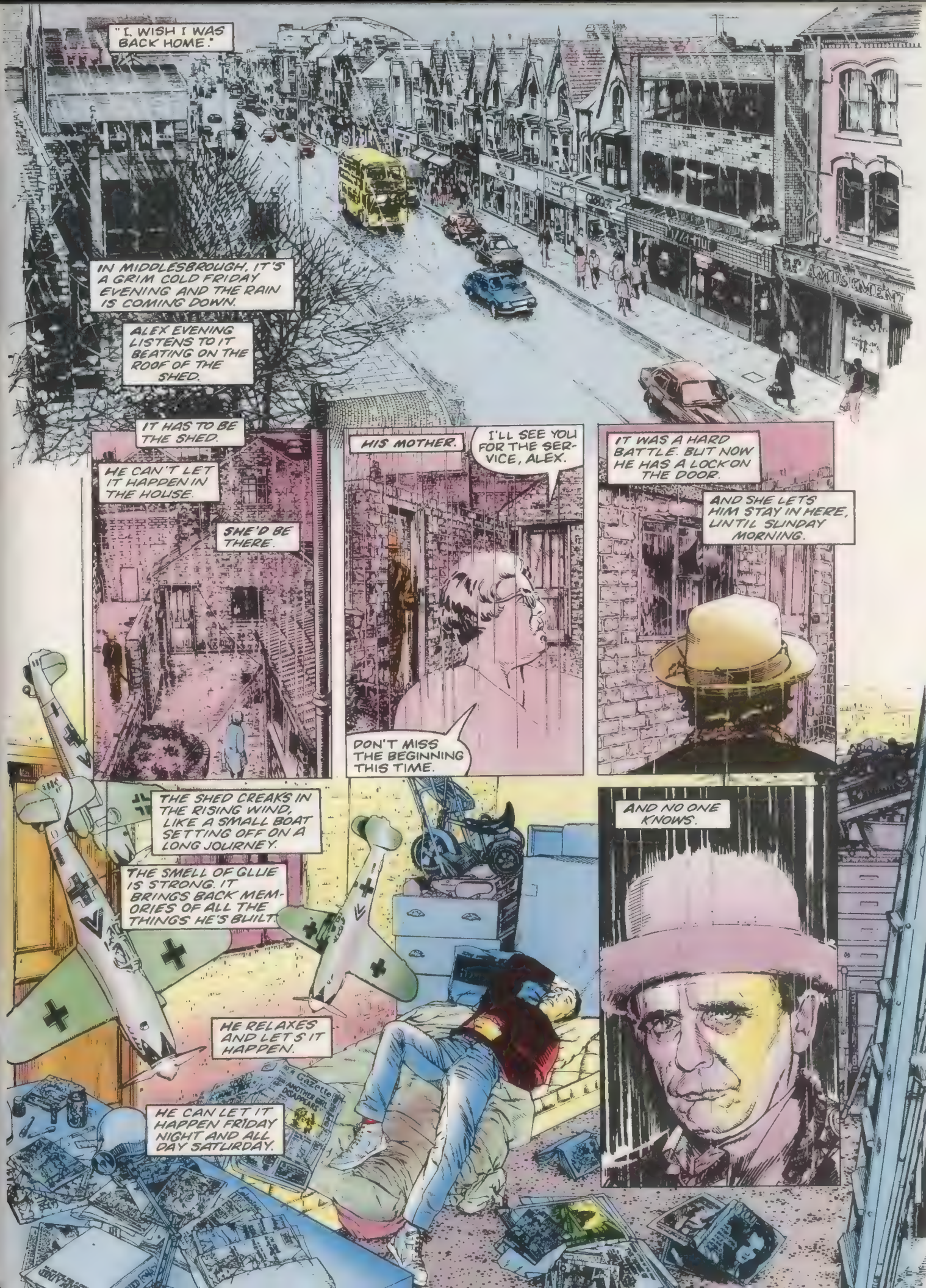

UNDER THE TWIN SUNS, THE VOICES OF YOUNG WOMEN RISE IN THE HEAT.
"WHAT'S THAT SMELL? IT'S EVERYWHERE. LIKE GLUE. LIKE THE GLUE YOU USE ON MODELS."
OH, YOU'LL GET USED TO IT.
YOU'D BE SURPRISED WHAT YOU CAN GET USED TO.
RIGHT, SHAZ?

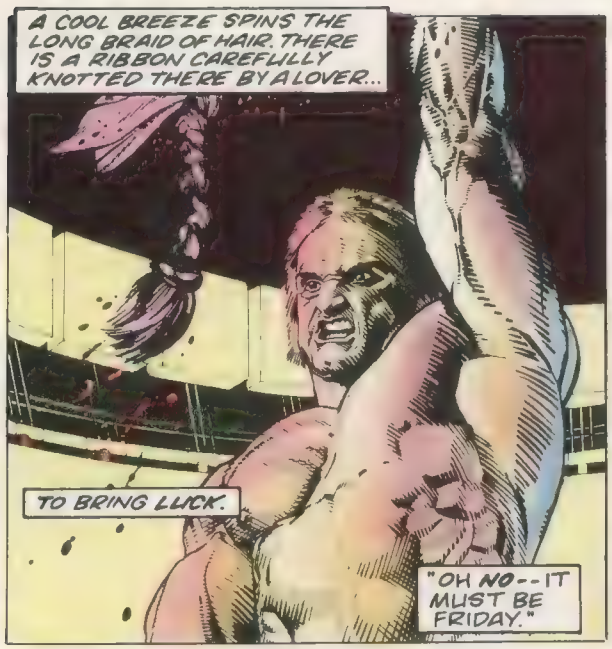

I'M WENDY. BUT SHAZ HAS BEEN AN IMPERIAL SLAVE LONGER THAN ANYONE. HAVEN'T YOU, SHAZ?
I JUST HOPE THEY DON'T DO THE BIT WITH THE HEAD.

WHAT DID SHE SAY?
OH, WELL, EVERY SEVEN DAYS...


EVERY SEVEN DAYS THEY...
WELL, THEY DO SOMETHING.

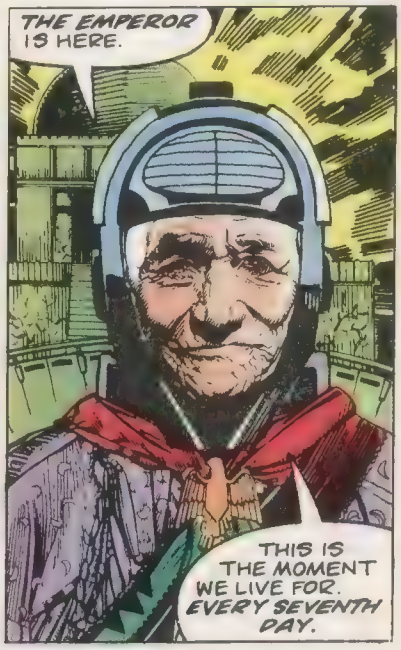
"SOMETHING NASTY.
"WITH...
"THE...
"HEAD."
DON'T LOOK, WENDY.
I'M NOT. I'M NOT LOOKING.
THOSE MURDERING...
I KNOW.
I HATE IT WHEN THEY DO THE BIT WITH THE HEAD.

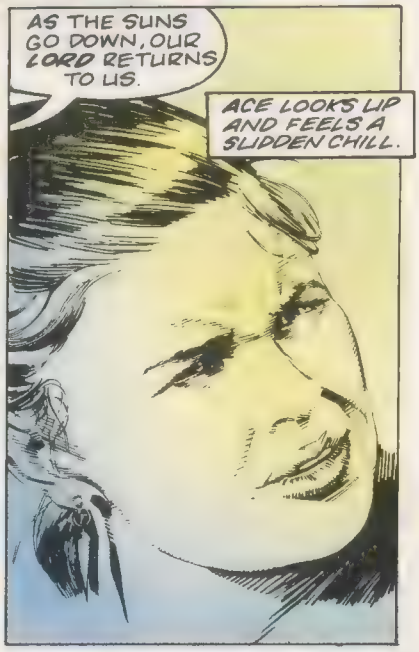

"I. WISH I WAS BACK HOME."
IN MIDDLESBROUGH, IT'S A GRIM COLD FRIDAY EVENING AND THE RAIN IS COMING DOWN.
ALEX EVENING LISTENS TO IT BEATING ON THE ROOF OF THE SHED.
IT HAS TO BE THE SHED.
HE CAN'T LET IT HAPPEN IN THE HOUSE.
SHE'D BE THERE.
HIS MOTHER.
I'LL SEE YOU FOR THE SERVICE, ALEX.
DON'T MISS THE BEGINNING THIS TIME.
IT WAS A HARD BATTLE. BUT NOW HE HAS A LOCK ON THE DOOR.
AND SHE LETS HIM STAY IN HERE, UNTIL SUNDAY MORNING.
THE SHED CREAKS IN THE RISING WIND, LIKE A SMALL BOAT SETTING OFF ON A LONG JOURNEY.
THE SMELL OF GLUE IS STRONG. IT BRINGS BACK MEMORIES OF ALL THE THINGS HE'S BUILT.
HE RELAXES AND LETS IT HAPPEN.
HE CAN LET IT HAPPEN FRIDAY NIGHT AND ALL DAY SATURDAY.
AND NO ONE KNOWS.
Gazette
ANOTHER GIRL DISAPPEARS


A COOL BREEZE SPINS THE LONG BRAID OF HAIR. THERE IS A RIBBON CAREFULLY KNOTTED THERE BY A LOVER...
TO BRING LUCK.
"OH NO--IT MUST BE FRIDAY."

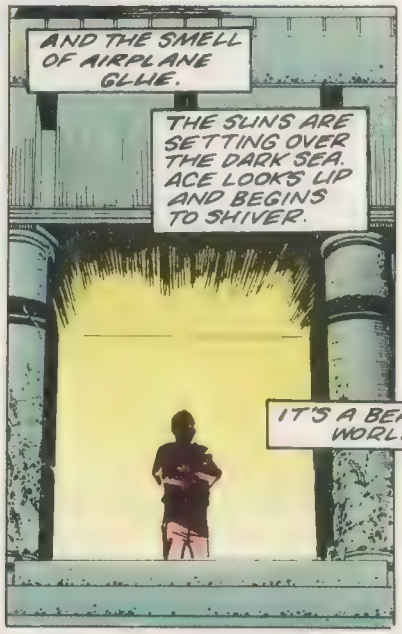
I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS FRIDAY YET.
WHAT'S SHE ON ABOUT?

THEY ONLY DO THE THING WITH THE HEAD ON FRIDAY.
AND IF IT IS FRIDAY--

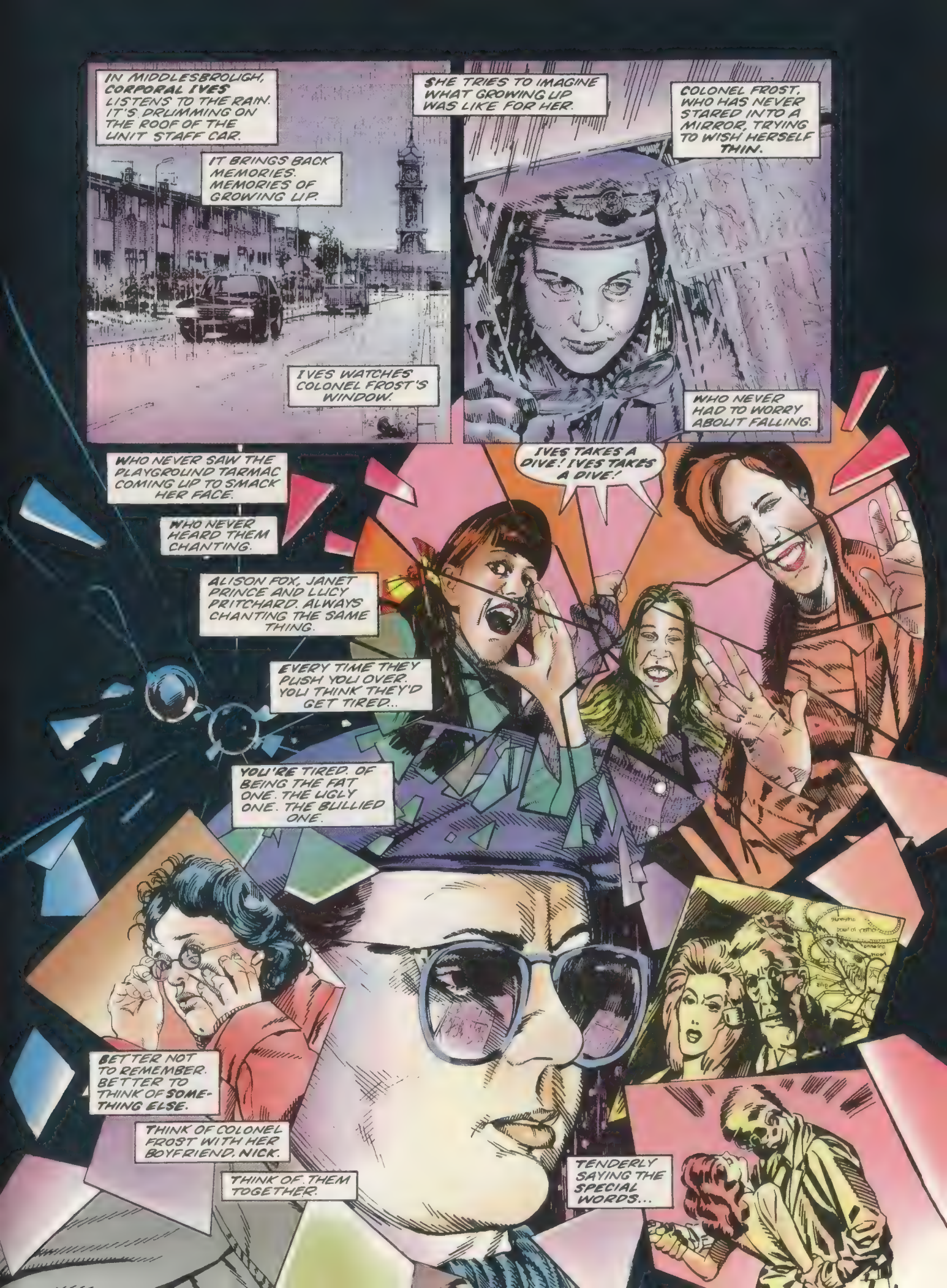

THE EMPEROR IS HERE.
THIS IS THE MOMENT WE LIVE FOR. EVERY SEVENTH DAY.


AS THE SUNS GO DOWN, OUR LORD RETURNS TO US.
ACE LOOKS UP AND FEELS A SUDDEN CHILL.

PURPLE LIZARDS STIR IN THE VINES. THE NIGHT WIND CARRIES THE TANG OF THE OCEAN, OF SCENTED BLOSSOMS...


AND THE SMELL OF AIRPLANE GLUE.
THE SUNS ARE SETTING OVER THE DARK SEA. ACE LOOKS UP AND BEGINS TO SHIVER.
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL WORLD.

AND ALEX EVENING LOVES IT.


IN MIDDLESBROUGH, CORPORAL IVES LISTENS TO THE RAIN. IT'S DRUMMING ON THE ROOF OF THE UNIT STAFF CAR.
IT BRINGS BACK MEMORIES. MEMORIES OF GROWING UP.
IVES WATCHES COLONEL FROST'S WINDOW.
SHE TRIES TO IMAGINE WHAT GROWING UP WAS LIKE FOR HER.
COLONEL FROST, WHO HAS NEVER STARED INTO A MIRROR, TRYING TO WISH HERSELF THIN.
WHO NEVER HAD TO WORRY ABOUT FALLING.
WHO NEVER SAW THE PLAYGROUND TARMAC COMING UP TO SMACK HER FACE.
WHO NEVER HEARD THEM CHANTING.
ALISON FOX, JANET PRINCE AND LUCY PRITCHARD. ALWAYS CHANTING THE SAME THING.
EVERY TIME THEY PUSH YOU OVER. YOU THINK THEY'D GET TIRED...
IVES TAKES A DIVE! IVES TAKES A DIVE!
YOU'RE TIRED. OF BEING THE FAT ONE. THE UGLY ONE. THE BULLIED ONE.
BETTER NOT TO REMEMBER. BETTER TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE.
THINK OF COLONEL FROST WITH HER BOYFRIEND, NICK.
THINK OF THEM TOGETHER.
TENDERLY SAYING THE SPECIAL WORDS...

YOU STUPID COW.
EVERYTHING IS VERY COMPLICATED. COLONEL FROST TRIES NOT TO LISTEN.
TRIES NOT TO LET HIM GET TO HER.
BUT HE ALWAYS DOES.
NICK, WE HAVE TO STOP FIGHTING. WE HAVE TO TALK.
TALK? SURE. YOU REMEMBER SAYING THAT AT LEAST THE PHYSICAL SIDE IS STILL GOOD?
WELL, AS A SCIENTIST I NEED IMAGINATION. THE ABILITY TO VISUALISE THINGS CLEARLY.
THAT'S WHY THE PHYSICAL SIDE OF IT IS STILL GOOD.
I ALWAYS MANAGE TO VISUALISE SOMEONE ELSE.
EVERYTHING IS VERY COMPLICATED.
BUT ANGER IS LIKE MAGIC.
IT SUDDENLY MAKES EVERYTHING VERY SIMPLE.
HEY, I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO TALK.
FIRE AWAY.

EVERYONE HAS BAD THOUGHTS. DEEP IN THEIR MINDS.
DEEP IN HER MIND, COLONEL FROST IS HEARING A VOICE.
IT'S SAYING, "WELL, GO AHEAD. WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?"

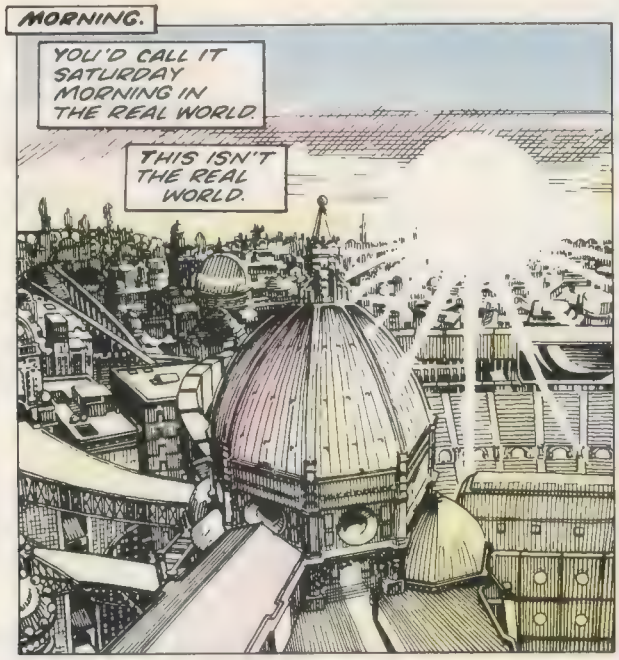
I SAID THE PHONE IS RINGING.
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

THE PHONE IS RINGING. SHE LOWERS THE GUN, SHAKING.
THINKING ABOUT WHAT SHE ALMOST DID.

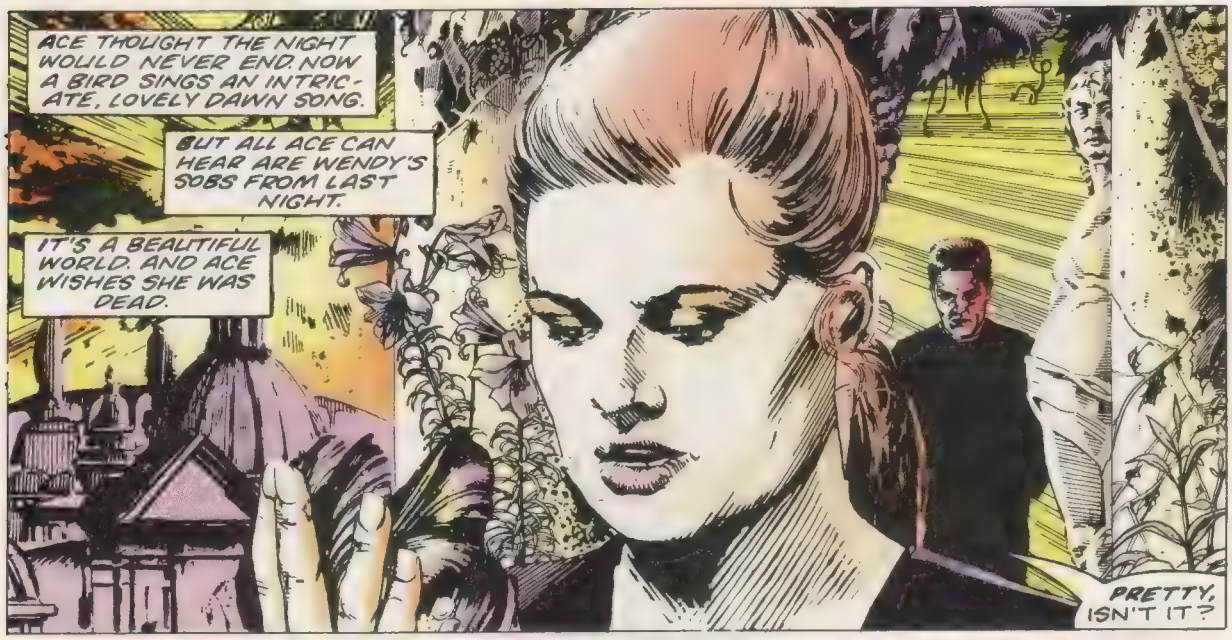
SIR, IT'S THE DOCTOR...
HE SAYS HE'S FOUND THE CRASHED UFO.
WHERE?

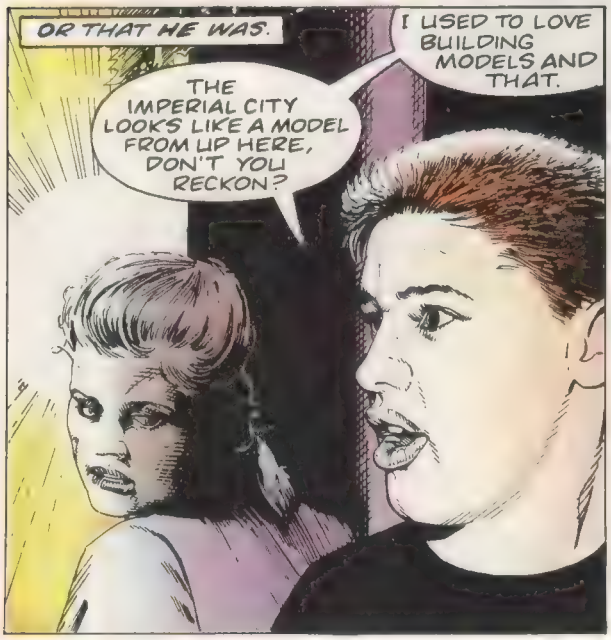
HE SAYS YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT, SIR.

THE RAIN HAS STOPPED. THE STARS SHINE IN THE HIGH CLEAR NIGHT. AN INFINITY OF WORLDS.
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON ?
WHY SO ANGRY, MURIEL?
I THOUGHT I CONTACTED YOU AT A RATHER OPPORTUNE MOMENT.
HE APPEARS TO BE IN SOME KIND OF TRANCE, COLONEL.
I THINK IT'S TIME FOR SOME EXPLANATIONS, DOCTOR...
-- I'M TIRED OF BEING KEPT IN THE DARK.
I'M HERE TO LOCATE A CRASHED UFO -- AND FOR ALL THE PLANNING THAT WENT INTO THIS MISSION, WE'VE GOT VERY LITTLE TO SHOW FOR IT SO FAR...
NOW YOU DRAG ME HERE TO LOOK AT SOME KID WHO'S OUT OF HIS BONCE.
WHAT HAS THIS GOT TO DO WITH THE MISSING...
SPACESHIP...

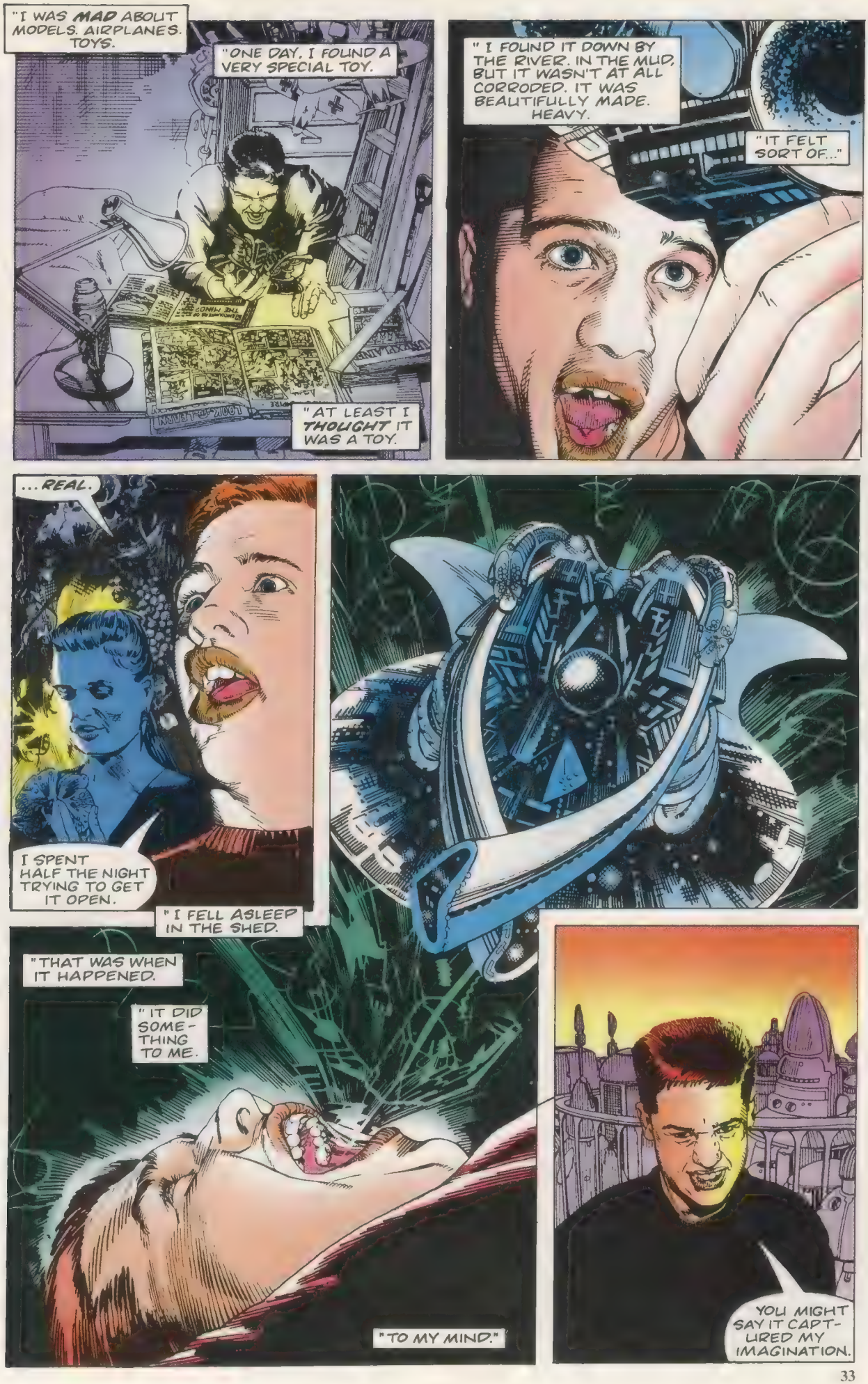

MORNING.
YOU'D CALL IT SATURDAY MORNING IN THE REAL WORLD.
THIS ISN'T THE REAL WORLD.

ACE KEEPS TELLING HERSELF THAT.
THE FLOWERS ON THE VINES ARE OPENING WITH THE RISING SUNS.


ACE THOUGHT THE NIGHT WOULD NEVER END. NOW A BIRD SINGS AN INTRICATE, LOVELY DAWN SONG.
BUT ALL ACE CAN HEAR ARE WENDY'S SOBS FROM LAST NIGHT.
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL WORLD. AND ACE WISHES SHE WAS DEAD.
PRETTY, ISN'T IT?


OR THAT HE WAS.
I USED TO LOVE BUILDING MODELS AND THAT.
THE IMPERIAL CITY LOOKS LIKE A MODEL FROM UP HERE, DON'T YOU RECKON?

ACE STARES INTO THE FLOWER, TRYING TO LOSE HERSELF IN ITS BEAUTY. TRYING TO FORGET LAST NIGHT.
THAT'S HOW ALL THIS STARTED YOU KNOW.


"I WAS MAD ABOUT MODELS. AIRPLANES. TOYS.
"ONE DAY, I FOUND A VERY SPECIAL TOY.
"AT LEAST I THOUGHT IT WAS A TOY.
" I FOUND IT DOWN BY THE RIVER. IN THE MUD, BUT IT WASN'T AT ALL CORRODED. IT WAS BEAUTIFULLY MADE. HEAVY.
"IT FELT SORT OF..."
...REAL.
I SPENT HALF THE NIGHT TRYING TO GET IT OPEN.
"I FELL ASLEEP IN THE SHED.
"THAT WAS WHEN IT HAPPENED.
"IT DID SOME-THING TO ME.
"TO MY MIND."
YOU MIGHT SAY IT CAPT-URED MY IMAGINATION.

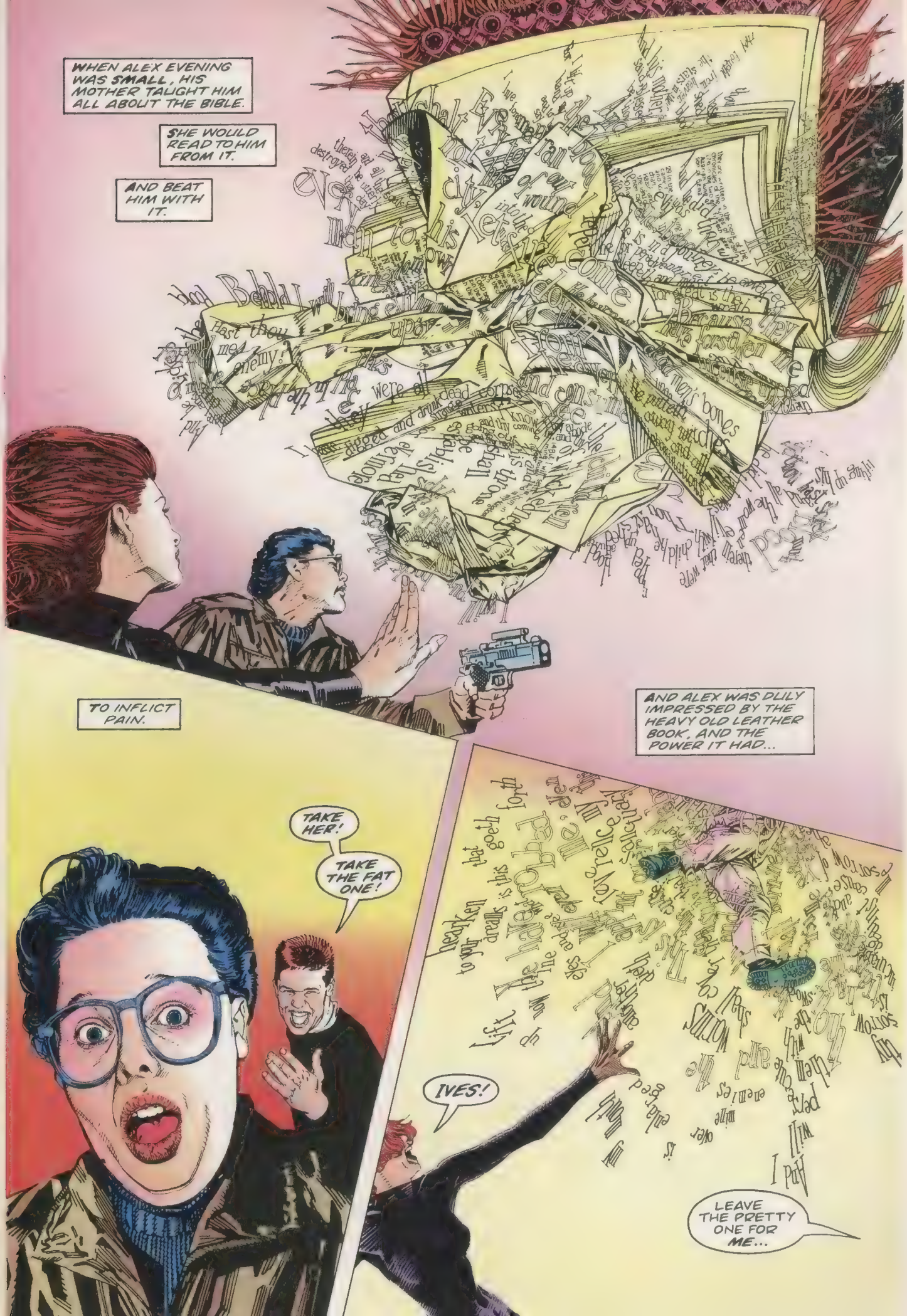
"BEGINNING THAT NIGHT I HAD DREAMS. STRANGE DREAMS.
"IN THEM I CREATED A WORLD. MY OWN WORLD.
"I BUILT IT PIECE BY PIECE.
"I DREAMED VAST DRY DREAMS OF DESERTS. HIGH HARD DREAMS OF MOUNTAINS. THEY WERE EASY.
"THEN THE LIVING THINGS.
"I REMEMBER MY FIRST *FOREST*. BROAD AND GREEN AND THIRSTY. I DREAMED EVERY WISP OF ROOT. EVERY SPREADING LEAF. I DREAMED *RAIN*--AND INSECTS TO HELP IT THRIVE."
IT ALL FITTED TOGETHER. I MADE IT ALL.
EVEN THAT FLOWER YOU'RE HOLDING.

"AND I MADE OTHER THINGS, TOO.
"MY IMPERIAL WARRIORS.
"THEY WERE RUTHLESS.
"MY IMPERIAL SLAVES. THEY WERE BEAUTIFUL.
AS MY LORD WISHES.
"FAIR ENOUGH. IN THAT ONE CASE MY IMAGINATION WASN'T UP TO IT.
SO LONG, GIRLS.
"I HAD TO HAVE REALITY.
"BUT THEY DIDN'T WORK OUT.
"THEY WEREN'T REAL ENOUGH. THEY BORED ME.
"SO I DECIDED TO WIPE THE SLATE CLEAN. AND START AGAIN.
AS MY LORD WISHES.
"I GOT IT.
"I DRUGGED THE GIRLS AND BROUGHT THEM HERE.
"LIKE I BROUGHT YOU.
"SO MUCH POWER IN WHAT I THOUGHT WAS A TOY.
"SO MUCH POWER IN THAT SPACE SHIP. EVEN THOUGH..
Gazette
ANOTHER GIRL DISAPPEARS

... IT'S TINY.
OF COURSE IT'S TINY. IT'S A Q'DHITE MIND-TREADER. THE Q'DHITE ARE A TINY RACE.
ANOTHER DISAPPEA
THEY BUILD VESSELS THAT JOURNEY THROUGH SPACE, FINDING AND EXPLORING NEW INTELLIGENCES.
WEAVING NEW REALITIES.
NOW IT'S CREATING A NEW REALITY. IN THAT BOY'S MIND.
AND ACE IS TRAPPED THERE. WE MUST FOLLOW HER.
FOLLOW?
WITH THE HELP OF AN OLD FRIEND...
--I SUPPOSE YOU'LL WANT TO BRING SOME SOLDIERS AND GUNS WITH YOU.
ALWAYS MY POLICY, DOCTOR.
WHEN TRAVELLING...

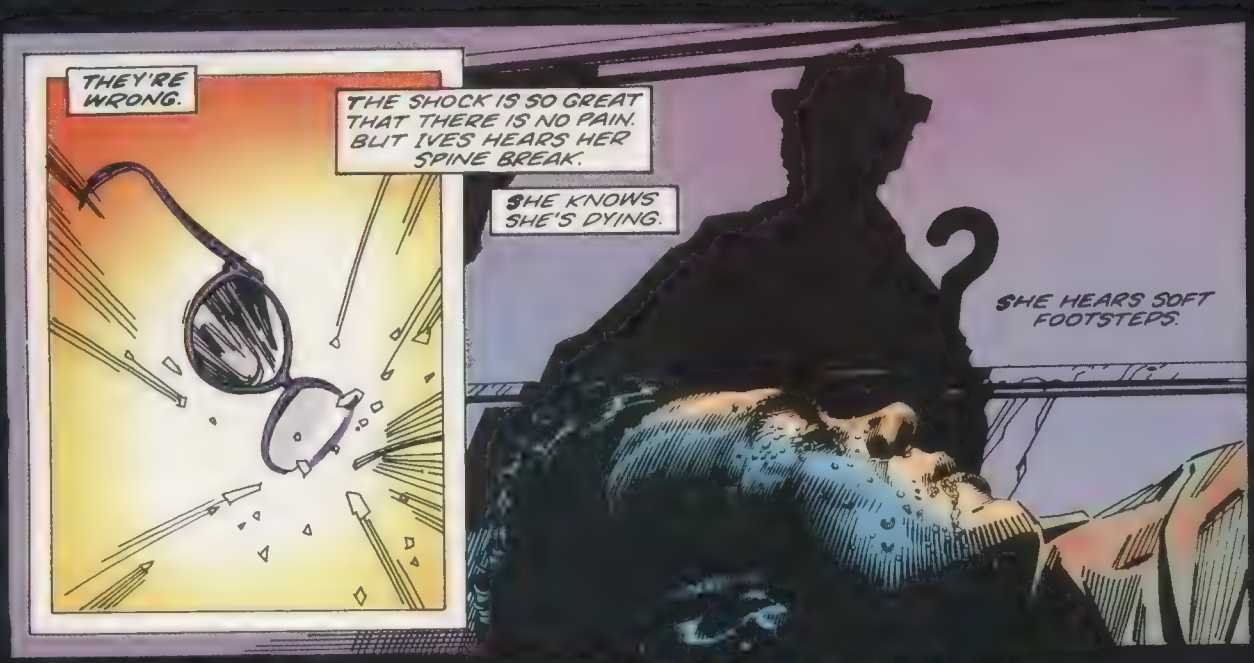
INTO THE UNKNOWN.
TO ANOTHER WORLD. A WORLD WITH TWIN SUNS.
FAR AWAY FROM THE PLANET THEY CALL THE EARTH.
BUT STILL MARKED BY THE UNMISTAKABLE PRESENCE OF HUMAN BEINGS.
WHO BUILD SUCH BEAUTIFUL CITIES.
THEN PROCEED TO ILLUMINATE THEM WITH THE FLAMES OF WAR.
THANKS TO ALEX EVENING'S SECRET WEAPON.
A WAR THAT UNIT IS LOSING.
THE FIGHTING IS NEARLY OVER, NOW. BUT THE CITY'S BURNING.
THEY MUST HAVE USED ROCKET LAUNCHERS.
I WISH I'D GIVEN THIS PLACE A WETTER CLIMATE. RAIN COULD PUT OUT THE FIRES.
NEXT TIME I WON'T MAKE THAT MISTAKE.
I WON'T MAKE ANY MISTAKES.

LIKE BRINGING YOU HERE.
THIS IS YOUR FAULT.
I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT.
SO IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO GO.
I DON'T THINK SO.
SHE COMES WITH US. AND SO DO YOU.
TOO LATE.
COLONEL! WHAT IS IT?


WHEN ALEX EVENING WAS SMALL, HIS MOTHER TAUGHT HIM ALL ABOUT THE BIBLE.
SHE WOULD READ TO HIM FROM IT.
AND BEAT HIM WITH IT.
TO INFLICT PAIN.
AND ALEX WAS DULY IMPRESSED BY THE HEAVY OLD LEATHER BOOK, AND THE POWER IT HAD...
TAKE HER!
TAKE THE FAT ONE!
IVES!
LEAVE THE PRETTY ONE FOR ME...

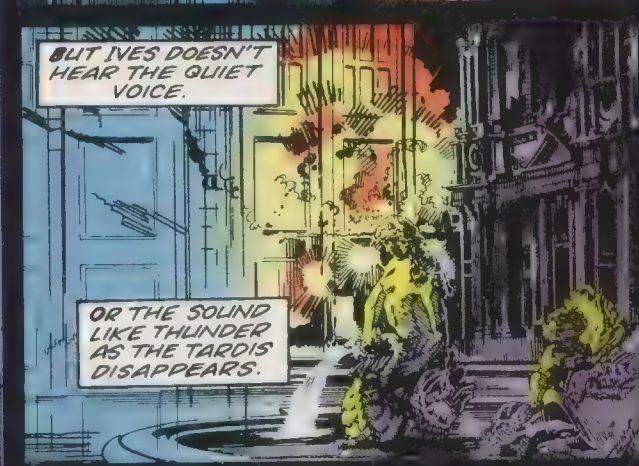
"THE UGLY ONE CAN DIE."
ITS PAGES RUSTLE IN THE NIGHT WIND. ITS CLAWS BITE HARD INTO IVES'S FLESH.
HER STOMACH HEAVES AS IT FLAPS ITS HUGE LEATHER WINGS, CARRYING HER HIGH INTO THE SKY OVER THE CITY...
IVES STILL HAS HER GUN.
BUT IT DOESN'T DO ANY GOOD.
SHE BLASTS AWAY AT THE THING.

THE MOMENTS OF FALLING STRETCH OUT LIKE AN ETERNITY.
FIRST THERE IS A FEAR SO GREAT SHE CAN'T THINK.
AND THEN THE MEMORIES COME. OTHER TIMES OF FALLING...
IVES TAKES A DIVE! IVES TAKES A DIVE!
AND NOW SHE'S FALLING AGAIN.
FALLING BECAUSE SHE'S FAT AND UGLY.
AAAAAAA
THEY SAY THAT YOU LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS BEFORE YOU HIT THE GROUND.

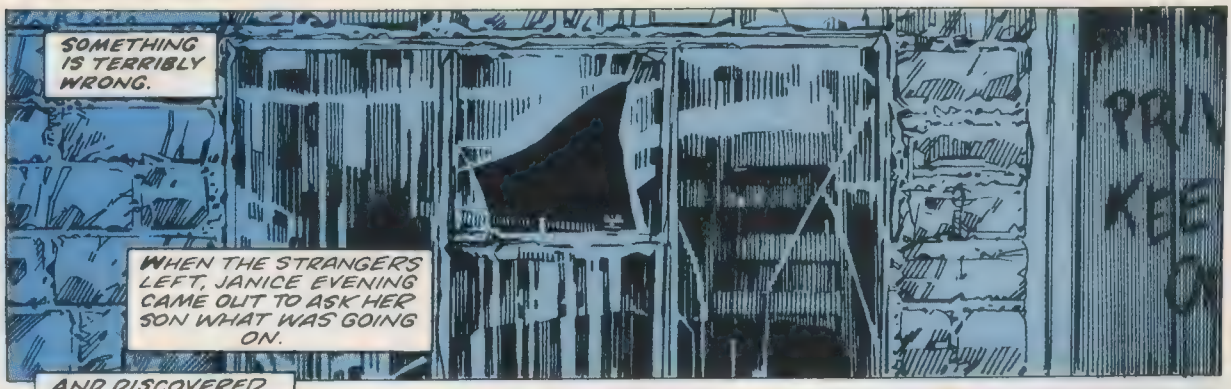

THEY'RE WRONG.
THE SHOCK IS SO GREAT THAT THERE IS NO PAIN. BUT IVES HEARS HER SPINE BREAK.
SHE KNOWS SHE'S DYING.
SHE HEARS SOFT FOOTSTEPS.

IVES GOES BLIND AS HER NERVOUS SYSTEM FAILS.
SHE CAN'T SEE THE GRIEF ON HIS FACE.
POLICE PUBLIC BOX
FORGIVE ME, CORPORAL IVES.
I'VE WORKED OUT HOW TO END THIS NIGHT-MARE.
FREE FOR USE OF PUBLIC

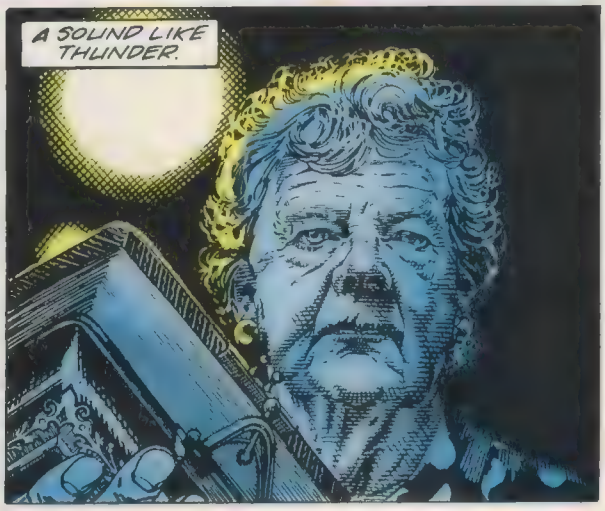
I CAN DO IT NOW.
ALTHOUGH IT'S TOO LATE FOR YOU.

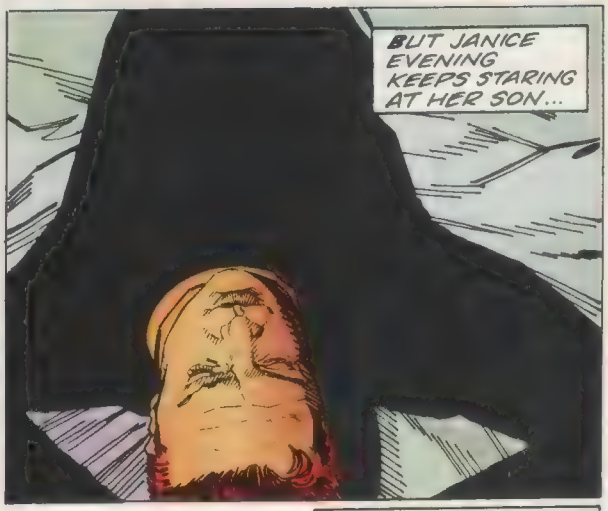

BUT IVES DOESN'T HEAR THE QUIET VOICE.
OR THE SOUND LIKE THUNDER AS THE TARDIS DISAPPEARS.

SHE HAS SET OFF ON A STRANGE JOURNEY OF HER OWN.


SOMETHING IS TERRIBLY WRONG.
WHEN THE STRANGERS LEFT, JANICE EVENING CAME OUT TO ASK HER SON WHAT WAS GOING ON.

AND DISCOVERED THAT SOMETHING IS TERRIBLY WRONG.
BUT JANICE EVENING HAS THE STRENGTH OF HER FAITH.
NOW SHE HEARS SOMETHING OUT-SIDE.


A SOUND LIKE THUNDER.


BUT JANICE EVENING KEEPS STARING AT HER SON...

-- WONDERING WHAT IS GOING ON INSIDE HIS HEAD.

MY CITY IS STILL BURNING.
MY BEAUTIFUL CITY...
AND YOU LOT HAVE RUINED IT!

I'M GOING TO HAVE TO START AGAIN...
...SO I'D BETTER WIPE THE SLATE CLEAN.

EXECUTE THEM, KARN...
THIS IS MY WORLD AND I DECIDE WHO I SHARE IT WITH.

NOT NECESSARILY.

THERE IS ALWAYS AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.
...OR TWO.
ALEX? WHAT'S GOING ON?
POLICE BOX
MLIM!
ALEX. WHAT'S ALL THIS?
WHO ARE THESE GIRLS?
QUICK, KARN--KILL THE LITTLE MAN.

BY ALL MEANS, KARN. ENJOY YOURSELF.
WHILE YOU STILL CAN.
ALEX. YOU'VE BEEN A BAD BOY...
NO! I HAVEN'T! I--
"IT'S TIME THIS NONSENSE STOPPED."
THAT'S RIGHT, MRS EVENING.
YOUR SON HAD A DREAM.
AGHH! MASTER! HELP M--
AND NOW THAT DREAM IS OVER.

"YOUR PRESENCE HERE HAS DESTROYED HIS FANTASY."
"DESTROYED HIS WORLD."
"AND THAT CAN BE QUITE A SHATTERING EXPERIENCE."
NO!
MY EMPIRE! DON'T TAKE IT AWAY FROM ME!
PLEASE.
PLEASE. IT'S ALL I'VE GOT...
QUICKLY NOW -- WE HAVE TO GET ANY SURVIVORS TO THE TARDIS BEFORE THIS PLACE DISAPPEARS COMPLETELY...
ACE -- ARE YOU ALL RI --
NO. BUT I WILL BE.

GOOD. THEN IT'S TIME TO GO HOME.
TIME FOR THE NIGHTMARE TO END.
ALTHOUGH FOR ALEX IT'S JUST BEGINNING.
"EVEN I TAKE SOME SATISFACTION FROM SEEING HIM SCREAM AT THE NIGHT SKY."
PLEASE! DON'T!
"AS IF HE COULD STOP IT FALLING APART."
COME ALONG, MRS EVENING.
TIME TO GO.
"DON'T TOUCH YOUR SON!"
"HE'LL BE THERE WAITING FOR US..!"

"WHEN WE GET BACK."
WE ALL BUILD OUR OWN WORLDS IN OUR MINDS. IT'S QUITE A SHOCK WHEN THEY FALL APART.
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?
HE'S IN A COMA.

LOST IN THOUGHT YOU MIGHT SAY.
BUT WHERE DID MY SON GET SUCH AWFUL THOUGHTS?

WHERE INDEED?
IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, MRS EVENING, WE MUST GO.
AND WE'LL TAKE SOMETHING WITH US.

WANT ME TO CARRY THAT, DOCTOR?
NO THANK YOU, ACE. FOR AN ALIEN STAR-SHIP IT ISN'T VERY HEAVY.
WE'LL RELEASE THEM IN DEEP SPACE. IT'S NOT THE Q'DHITE THAT ARE EVIL...
"THEY'LL EXPLORE OTHER MINDS. LESS TWISTED MINDS."
"THIS ONE IS LOST. FOREVER."

"SO MUCH HAS BEEN LOST. LIKE INNOCENCE."
"BAD THINGS HAPPENED TO YOU, ACE."

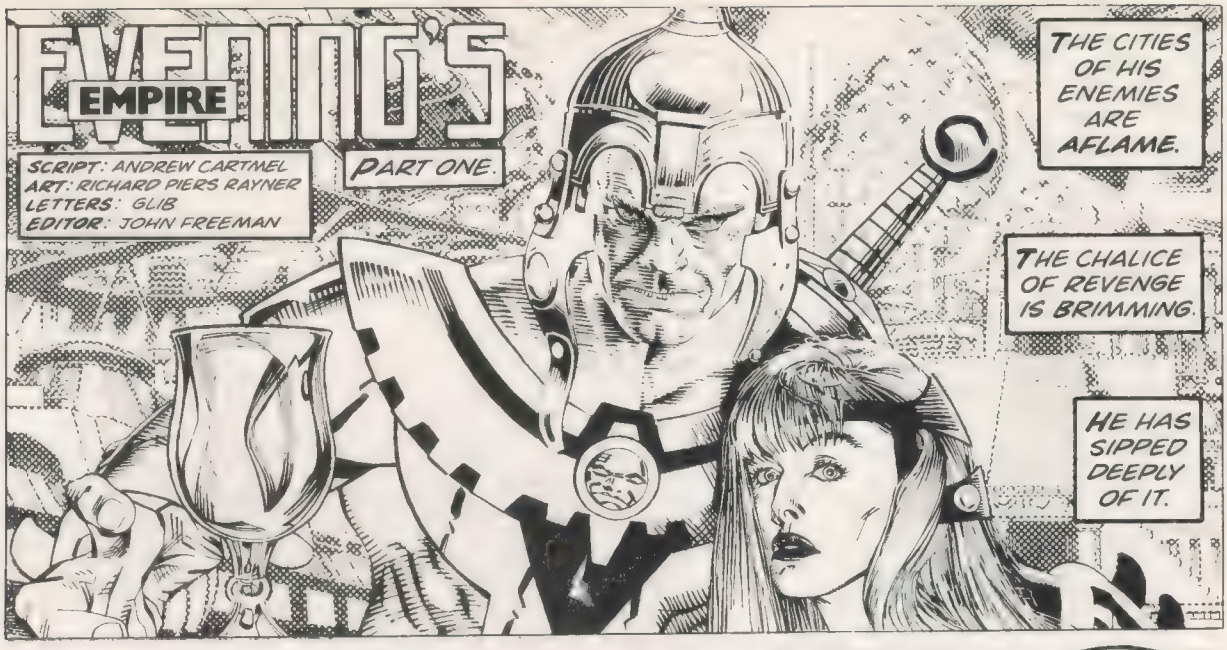
"BUT YOU MUST TRY TO FORGET."
"LET THE BAD MEMORIES GO."

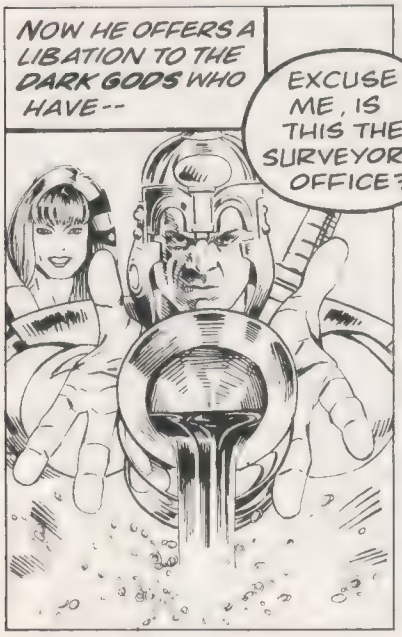
"JUST LET THEM DRIFT AWAY."

I KNOW, DOCTOR.
LIKE PETALS ON THE WATER.

COME ON, ACE. IT'S A BIG UNIVERSE OUT THERE.
AND SOMEONE HAS TO INTERFERE WITH IT.
I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU.

I'M JUST WATCHING SOME PETALS DRIFT AWAY.

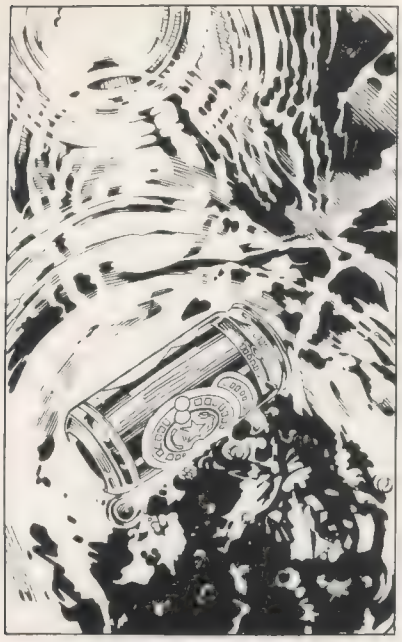

EVENING'S EMPIRE
SCRIPT: ANDREW CARTMEL
ART: RICHARD PIERS RAYNER
LETTERS: GLIB
EDITOR: JOHN FREEMAN
PART ONE.
THE CITIES OF HIS ENEMIES ARE AFLAME.
THE CHALICE OF REVENGE IS BRIMMING.
HE HAS SIPPED DEEPLY OF IT.

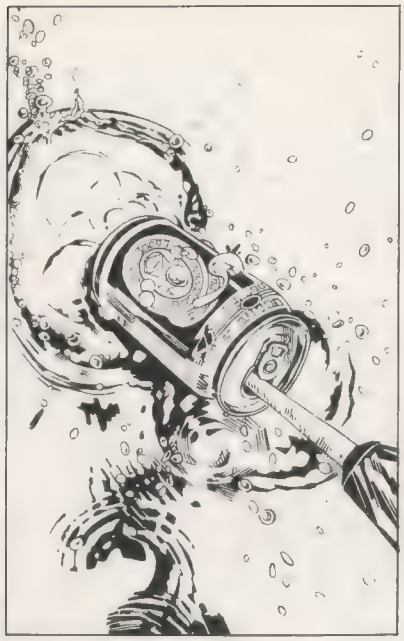

NOW HE OFFERS A LIBATION TO THE DARK GODS WHO HAVE--
EXCUSE ME, IS THIS THE SURVEYOR'S OFFICE?

UH, SORRY?
JUNE
GORE STAR
Gazette

MILES AWAY, EH?
I NEED TO LOOK AT PROPERTY RECORDS FOR THIS AREA. FROM WORLD WAR TWO.

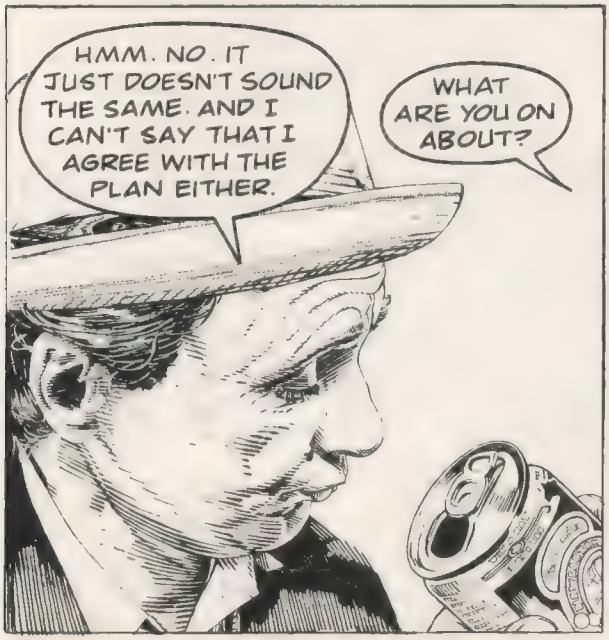
FROM WORLD WAR TWO?
YEAH, I KNOW.
DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING BETTER TO DO THIS AFTERNOON, DID YOU?
PRIVATE PARKING
BURROUGHS CHARTERED SURVEYOR

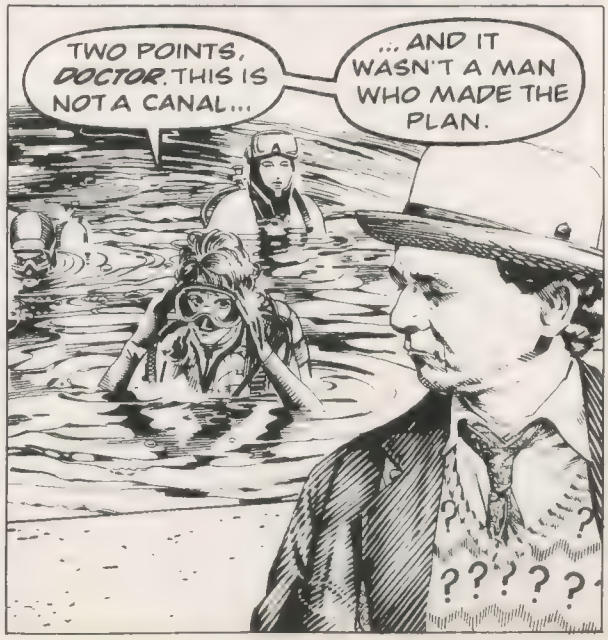




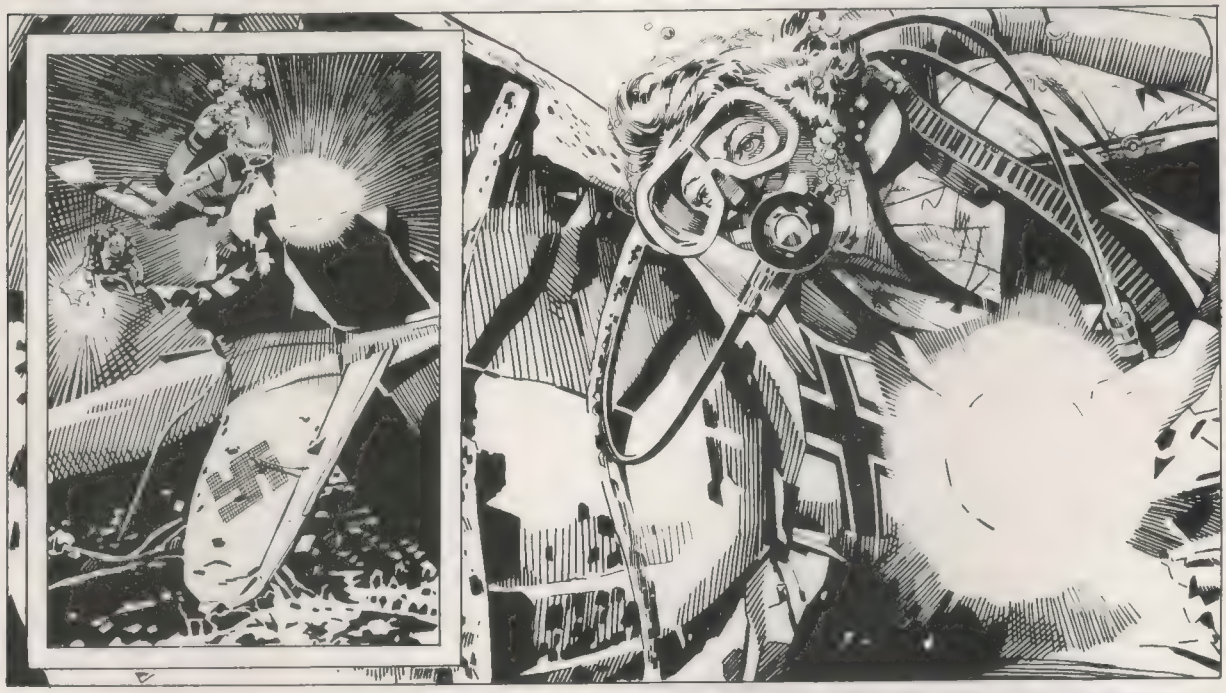
" A MAN A PLAN. A CANAL ..."

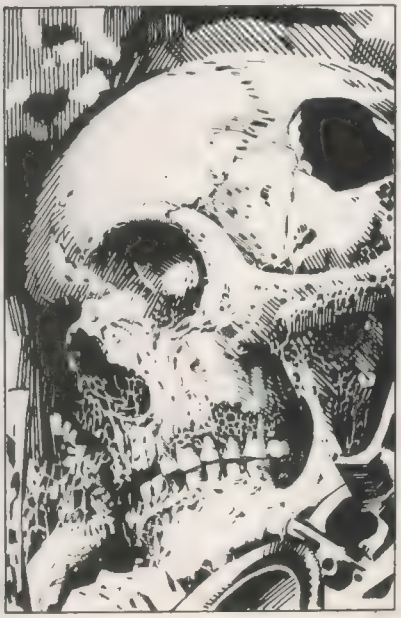
"... MIDDLESBROUGH."


HMM. NO. IT JUST DOESN'T SOUND THE SAME. AND I CAN'T SAY THAT I AGREE WITH THE PLAN EITHER.
WHAT ARE YOU ON ABOUT?

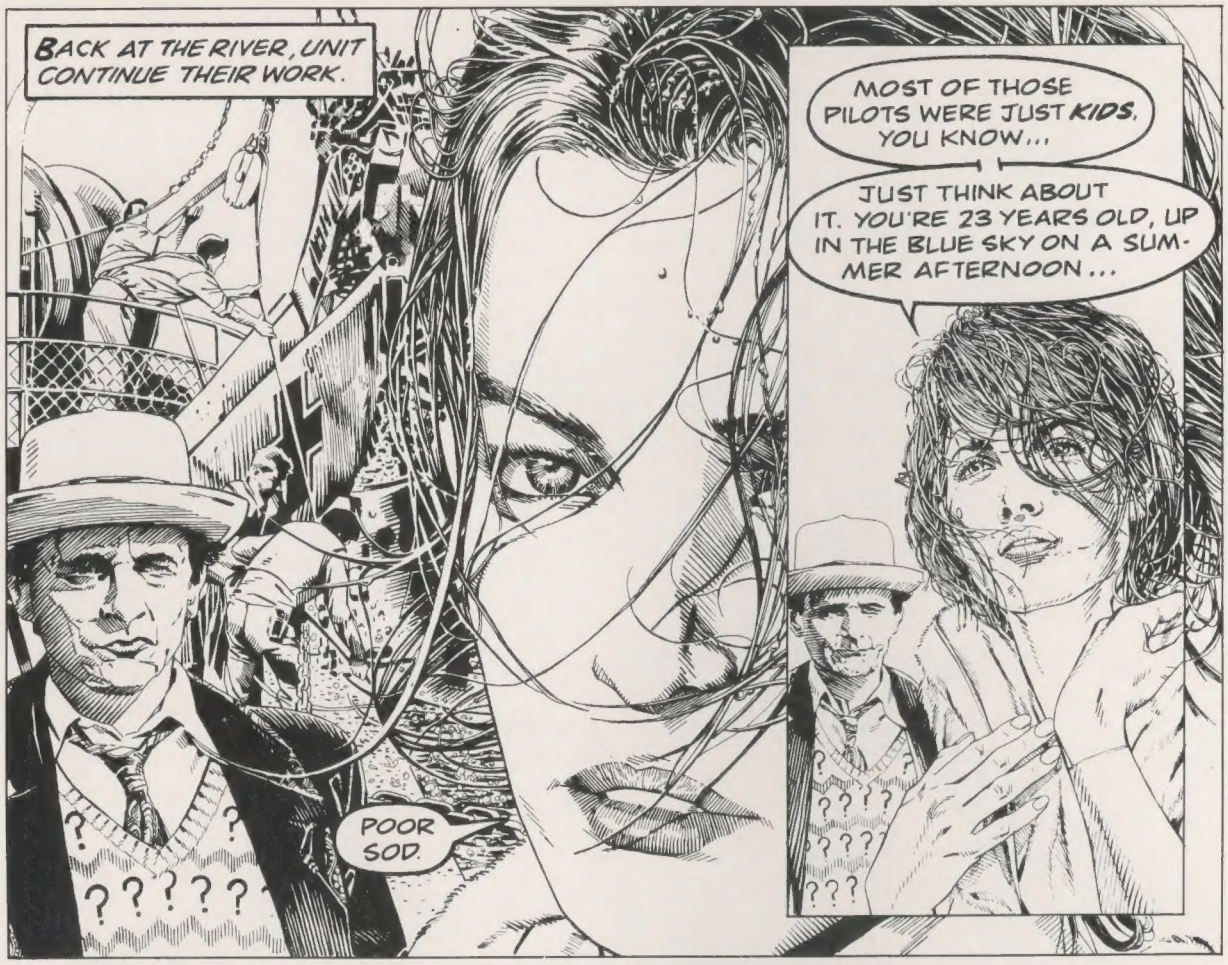

TWO POINTS, DOCTOR. THIS IS NOT A CANAL...
... AND IT WASN'T A MAN WHO MADE THE PLAN.
? ? ? ? ? ?

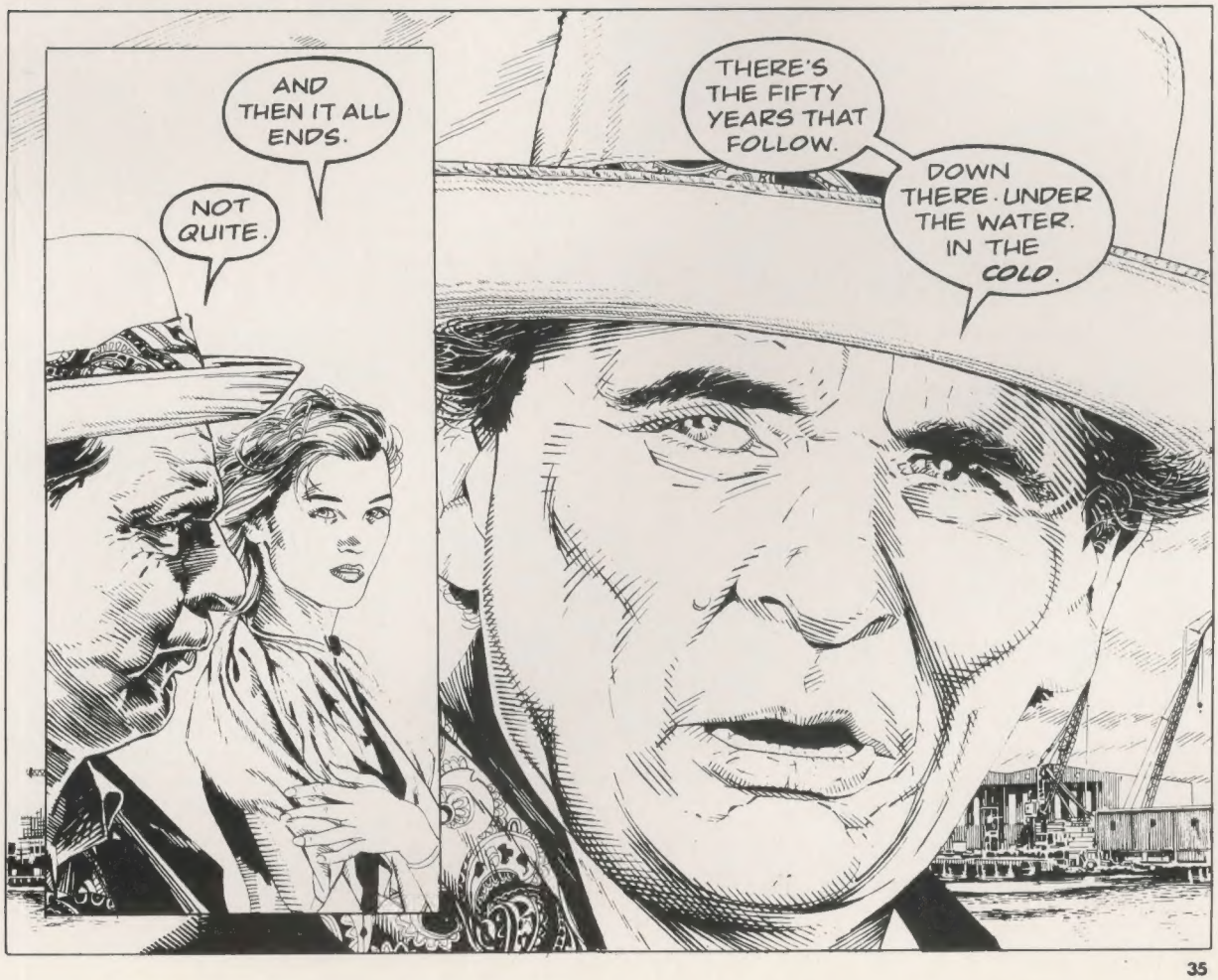
IT WAS ME.
SORRY, MURIEL...
JUST CALL ME COLONEL FROST. I'M GOING BACK DOWN. I THINK I'VE FOUND IT.





"I HOPE THIS IS WHAT YOU WANT."
"AS YOU CAN SEE, THERE'S A LOT OF IT."
BUT THERE WAS A LOT OF BOMB DAMAGE HERE DURING THE WAR.
WHAT I'M AFTER IS SOMETHING BIG.
RIGHT, WELL, I'LL JUST KEEP LOOKING.
I DON'T MIND, YOU KNOW.
ACKLAM HALL 1955
IN FACT, I'M HAVING A GOOD TIME. I'M... REALLY GLAD YOU POPPED IN.
YOU'RE VERY PRETTY.
SORRY... I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND ME SAYING THAT. AND I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND THE COFFEE BEING SO STRONG.
BUT IT HAS TO BE.
OTHERWISE YOU COULD TASTE THE CHLORMEZANONE.
SPORTS
NOBODY GETS ON A BIKE LIKE THIS
FORTRESS SNIPER

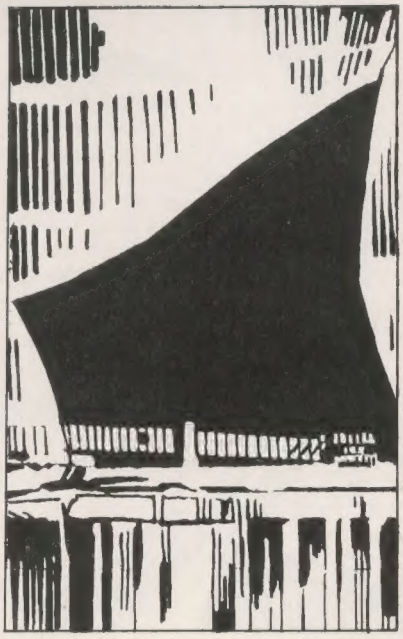

BACK AT THE RIVER, UNIT CONTINUE THEIR WORK.
MOST OF THOSE PILOTS WERE JUST KIDS, YOU KNOW...
JUST THINK ABOUT IT. YOU'RE 23 YEARS OLD, UP IN THE BLUE SKY ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON...
POOR SOD.

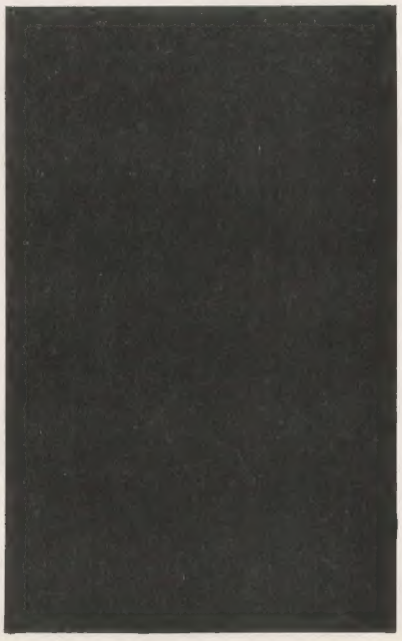

AND THEN IT ALL ENDS.
NOT QUITE.
THERE'S THE FIFTY YEARS THAT FOLLOW.
DOWN THERE. UNDER THE WATER. IN THE COLD.

"IN THE DARK."
ALEX?
ALEX. SUPPER'S READY.

BE RIGHT WITH YOU, MUM.

JUST LOCKING UP THE SHED.





Ever woken up without a clue where you are?
DOCTOR!
NEXT: DOWN IN THE DARK.

EVENING'S END!

For those of you who don't already know, *Evening's Empire* nearly became the **Doctor Who Magazine** equivalent of *Shada*. It's almost three years since I received Andrew Cartmel's original plotline about a deadly alien artefact falling into the wrong hands. Although we began publication of the story way back in Issue 180, the strip unfortunately began to fall behind its production schedule (for a combination of reasons too lengthy to go into here) and any editor worth their salt will tell you publishing deadlines wait for no-one. Rather than lose the strip completely – especially considering the superb art we were getting from Richard Piers Rayner – I reluctantly took the decision to delay publication of subsequent chapters until all parties concerned caught up with each other. When the strip was complete, it would be published. Little did I suspect that the story would be so long in the telling!

The decision to publish the strip in its entirety, and in *colour*, no less, is a bonus. Full marks there to Marvel UK's management, who have displayed so much faith in *Doctor Who* as the show approaches its Thirtieth Anniversary. What a shame that confidence is nowhere in evidence at the BBC Television!

This then, is *Evening's Empire*. A tale which we planned would continue the mythos of *Doctor Who* roughly where our favourite Time Lord left it in *Survival*, the last new TV story to be transmitted to date. Cartmel, who was a driving force behind the shaping of the Seventh Doctor's persona, has taken tried and trusted elements of the TV show and twisted them into a darker tale. UNIT. A crashed spaceship. Powers for good twisted by sick minds. A companion gone missing... The whole story has been brought to striking life by the stunning art of Richard Piers Rayner.

Like many of the Seventh Doctor's tales, you might feel you're not getting the whole picture in the first telling. As the strip's editor, all I'll say is that using Muriel Frost was part of an ongoing attempt to give the comic strip adventures of the Doctor a more solid supporting cast, whatever century he appeared in. Because *Evening's Empire* was delayed, those themes have yet to be explored – and perhaps now they never will. But I can guarantee that the *Doctor Who* comic strip will continue to bring you new adventures that are every bit as good as the one you have just read. Stories that will blend what you might expect in a *Doctor Who* story with ideas that are fresh and new – just as the TV series itself always thrived on pushing forwards, rather than relying solely on its (albeit much valued) past.

This special is already part of the Doctor's past. The future is waiting to be written...

John Freeman